

# Sports Illustrated

JULY 13, 1995 35 CENTS

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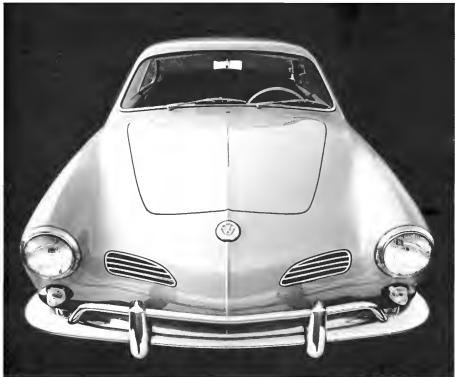
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you bring a Volkswagen?)



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SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, published weekly by Time Inc., 540 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611, except one issue at year end. Second-class postage paid at Chicago, Ill., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada and for payment of postage in both U.S. and Canadian subscriptions \$7.50/year. This mail published in national and separate editions. Additional pages of separate editions numbered or allowed for as follows: Albany metropolitan, G1-G2; extended midwestern, G1-G2; extended western, G1-G2.

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## Next week

**THE PENNANT RACE** is the American League is a confusing tangle of surprising teams. Jack Mann reports on some of the new players and sizes up the situation at midseason.

**A BROADBILL SWORDFISH** is the toughest big game trophy to take on rod and reel. A punter's view of the sword-rattling involved in a broadbill tournament held off Montreal.

**SNOW BIZ** is taking a subway ride this fall from Broadway to Shea Stadium, and Sonny Werblin is driving the train. Two rockets—Joe Namath and John Hazzie—root the whistle.



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# SCORECARD

## TREASURE PIRATES

Florida is a peninsula of prosperity, shaped something like a money bag. Even its sea may be assessed as golden. Between Miami Beach's Millionaires' Row and NASA's billion-dollar beach lies Fort Pierce, where last year a little band of divers, calling themselves the Real "B" Company, took a vacuum cleaner to the ocean floor and sucked up a drowned treasure worth \$1.6 million. "Yo ho ho," cried Governor Haydon Burns, as he divided the loot into four piles and took one, the state's legal 25% cut of any treasure trove.

Until then the 25% law had been administered carelessly, since tourists usually gathered little more than seashells and sunburn. The state had charged a \$500 fee to salvage groups to stake a claim in the ocean, then left them alone. But recently Real "B" reported that there are nine more ships down there, the entire Spanish Silver Fleet that was transporting \$14 million in pirated treasure back to Spain in 1715 when it foundered in a hurricane only 300 yards offshore. Governor Burns decided to protect Florida's interests more assiduously and devised the State Board of Antiquities, with himself as head, to supervise salvage operations. The board also controls such cultural heritage as fossils, coral and old maps.

In three days last week Real "B" panned 1 1/2 tons of silver from another vessel of the fleet. By coincidence, 20 miles down the beach was another group, completely dissociated from the treasure hunters: Dr. Jacques Piccard, Edwin Link of simulated-trainer fame and John Perry, who were filming a movie on the tiny deck of Perry's invention, the one-man "Cubmarine." As the cameras cranked out *Descent to Greatness*, Perry and Piccard expressed hope that the film might promote interest in their new scheme to design a silent drifting submarine to listen to migrating fish. Some \$40 million will be sunk into the project, which seeks not the treasure of lost galleons but the ways of gilled creatures. The belief is that such knowledge will

provide mankind with a new, reliable source of protein. In the light of the world's population explosion, ocean protein may yet be worth more than all the silver in the Spanish Main.

## THE CROWDED DOME

The Mets have proved it in New York, and the Astros are establishing in Houston that a winning ball club is not necessary to attract fans. Nicely in ninth place, just above the Mets, the Astros passed the one-million mark for this season's attendance on June 25.

That million represents 60% of Houston's metropolitan population. By contrast, the other National League cities are also-rans. Cincinnati ranks second, on the strength of attracting 24% of its metropolitan population. Chicago is at the bottom of the list with 4%.

The Astros seem certain to draw better than two million for the season, something that only four other teams—the Los Angeles Dodgers, Milwaukee Braves, Cleveland Indians and New York Yankees—have done. But none of those other teams finished worse than third. Third looks like outer space to the Astros.

## THE YO-YO'S UPS AND DOWNS

During its 40 years, the Donald F. Duncan Yo-Yo Company of Evanston, Ill., had survived the hula hoop, hi-li paddles, Chinese checkers and bubble gum. Despite them all, it sold as many as 25 million Yo-Yos a year. Recently, creditors of the company filed a petition for involuntary bankruptcy. The firm had ended its 1965 fiscal year with \$50 in the bank and \$1 million in debt. Blame it on the skateboard, said Edward Garbow, Duncan's comptroller.

A federal court appointed Attorney Harry A. Ash as receiver, with instructions to reorganize Duncan and preserve its name as "the outstanding maker of Yo-Yos." What Ash had going for him mostly was the company's reputation for integrity. It had stood firm in the conviction that the best Yo-Yo was made of wood—good, hard maple, processed and

polished in its plant at Luck, Wis. No cheap plastic jobs for Duncan. No metal jobs with holes that make whistles.

But now Receiver Ash is thinking of making Yo-Yos that look like baseballs and golf balls. And he is wondering if the company can get into the skateboard business before that fad fades.

## CHRISTENING

The steepest ski slope in the U.S. is at Taos Ski Valley, and it is quite discouraging to beginners. For these, a new, almost horizontal slope is being prepared. It will be 750 feet long and have a drop of only 75 feet. It will be called Fanny Hill.

## EX-LITTLE LEAGUE CATCHER

There are those who worry about what happens to today's boy when he finds that he lacks the talent to play even substitute right field in Little League or Pony League baseball. Does he wind up on the child psychiatrist's couch? Not if he is Greg Hoops, 15, who once tried baseball and flopped. Greg turned to fishing.

Five mornings a week, Greg bikes to Rapid Creek, each morning to a dif-



ferent section of a two-mile stretch that winds through Rapid City, S. Dak. Equipped with a spin-casting outfit, a small plastic container filled with a few bobbers, some hooks, a few flies and a can of night crawlers, he rigs up carefully and gets down to business. He may fish off a bridge or wade barefoot in the middle of the stream, or he may hang from an overhead tree limb. What-

ever he does, Greg comes back with fish. His largest trout this summer has been a brown that weighed 7 pounds 12 ounces—and summer is barely begun. He has taken more than 300 trout up to now, including four that weighed more than five pounds each.

#### GIFT HORSE

One of the great dust-off pitchers is Don Drysdale of the Los Angeles Dodgers. With Drysdale pitching, many a batter has dropped to his knees at the plate and given thanks for the helmet protecting his head.

Now Don has gone into a business that is intimately related to his pitching. He has joined the Daytona Helmet Company of Reseda, Calif., which hitherto has produced helmets for automobile and motorcycle racers and now is branching into the baseball field.

In connection with his new job Drysdale has been passing out free samples to such as Willie Mays of the Giants, one of his favorite targets, and Richie Allen of the Phillies, a prime prospect. He gave one the other day to Gene Freese of the Pittsburgh Pirates.

Freese examined it suspiciously. "Are you trying to tell me something?" he demanded.

#### TIGER IN YOUR BANK

Borrowing money from a Memphis bank—or any other, for that matter—involves an interest charge of about 6% if the loan is to pay for food, clothing, medicine or such frills. But if the loan is for a genuine necessity, such as season football tickets, three Memphis banks offer a much more attractive deal. Available to fans of Memphis State University are loans called Tiger Notes, which pave the way to the purchase of season tickets at no interest whatsoever.

#### GO-KARTS A GO-GO

Put away your droschky, Ivan, and get it, urges *Nedelya*, weekly supplement to the Soviet newspaper *Izvestia*. What the U.S.S.R. needs more of is go-karts.

Enthusiastically endorsing the tiny open cars, which were introduced in Russia five years ago, *Nedelya* plumped for government permission to use them on the highways. Skill in designing, driving and repairing is required by go-karting, *Nedelya* observed, and therefore it "is especially valuable to adolescents."

The karts have, in fact, caught on big

without any urging from *Nedelya*. Soviet championships have been held for the past two years.

#### DEDICATION

In Hueytown, Ala. there is, as everywhere, a Little League baseball team, and before each game Coach John Coleman requires it to huddle for a brief silent prayer. Before a recent game there was the customary solemn silence, broken in time by the coach.

"Amen," he said. "Now let's go out there and get them."

"But Mr. Coleman," protested a 10-year-old, "I'm not through yet!"

#### JUDGMENT BY THE BOOK

Published by the Fellowship of Christian Athletes, *Play Ball* is a book of religious testimonials from 17 professional athletes and coaches—among them Buddy Dial, Jim Ray Smith, Ray Berry, Bill Glass and Paul Dietzel. It sells for \$2.95. After the Bonham (Texas) High School football team finished its season with a fine 9-1-2 record, copies of the book were presented to the players by the Seventh and Main Baptist Church of Bonham. It turns out that, in the opinion of the Texas Interscholastic League, this made the kids professionals. Gifts valued at more than \$15 are not permitted, and the players had already received letter jackets worth that much. Even though the boys returned the books once the matter was brought up, their team was put on probation for three years.

"By the Interscholastic League's interpretation," said the Rev. Clyde Herring, pastor of the Bonham church, "there is no doubt that we broke the rule. But if breaking the rule is good, then the rule is bad."

#### TARGET: O'MALLEY'S HEAD

More than 1,000 parcels of land were involved in the transfer of Chavez Ravine from the city of Los Angeles to Walter O'Malley's Dodgers. For three years John David Loyd, an old opponent of the move, has been searching the city records and now claims that due to an oversight in the title transfers he owns a 12-by-40-foot strip of property smack in the middle of Parking Lot 15. There will be some changes made, says Loyd. He has filed a court action to force the Dodgers to take down their 51 toll gates and allow free access to his lot.

"I'm going to build a two-story building," Loyd declared, "and will sell Dodger Dogs and O'Malleyburgers from the

continued



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SCORECARD *revisited*

first floor, will have my offices on the second and a huge billboard on the roof."

An O'Malleyburger, he explained, is a hamburger with a caricature of O'Malley on the bun, "so you can bite his head off if you want to."

#### CONSOLATION PRIZE

The tennis at Wimbledon ended, as usual, in total victory for the Australians, led by Roy Emerson and Margaret Smith. Well, not quite total. In an exhibition doubles match, veterans Bill Talbert and Gardnar Mulloy beat Emerson and his countryman Fred Stolle 6-4 and tied them in a second set 6-6. At that point the Australians, fatigued, called it a day.

#### HERE COMES THE A-BAT

The broken bat has become such a commonplace of baseball since the sluggers turned to light, whippy models that Hillerich & Bradsby Co., the Louisville batmakers, may be unwise in a search they have begun for an all-but-indestructible bat. They have started research into a process whereby bats will be impregnated with plastic, like some fishing rods, and bombarded with atomic particles. If organized baseball accepts the atomic bat, Hillerich & Bradsby will sell far fewer of their product to the leagues.

Irradiation binds the plastic to the wood, according to Thomas Harris, company engineer. The result is a bat that looks as if it were made of wood but has the durability of the plastic. Half a dozen such have been treated experimentally at facilities of Lockheed Aircraft Corporation in Marietta, Ga. But tests will not be completed for another five or six months.

What with the rabbit ball and the atomic bat, there may come a day when the harried pitcher will feel that he is throwing, not from a mound, but from the center of a hydrogen mushroom.

#### THEY SAID IT

- Gene Mauch, Phillies manager, defining a spitball. "It's a nasty little thing that Bob Shaw of the Giants throws very well."
- Representative Charles Wiltner of Georgia, deploring the refusal of Milwaukee to let the Braves move to Atlanta this year: "When the last hope is dead and the coffin is closed on major league baseball in that city, they will bear full blame for the beer that made Milwaukee famous."

END

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# THE MAYOR SURRENDERS

JAY S. LEVITON





# ATLANTA

*For weeks Mayor Ivan Allen gallantly defended his splendiferous new \$18 million fortress against all offers—until the right one came along. Now the home of the Braves has another tenant, the NFL. Atlanta is a two-sport major league town—and whatever happened to Joe Foss and Charlie Finley?* **by JIM MINTER**

*NFL Franchise Owner Rzeko Smith and Mayor Allen sit happily in their empty stadium. They know that it will not be empty next year.*



## BATTLE FOR THE DEEP SOUTH

Just two years and a couple of screen passes ago, Atlanta was like a lot of other American cities. It had a minor league baseball team, the Crackers, which seldom aroused ecstasy among its followers, and a college football team, Georgia Tech, which had lost some of its rambling, wrecking ways. Today, as one looks in on the friendly old southern community, it appears that even the magnolias and juleps are getting a little pushy.

In far less time than it took such cities as New York, Los Angeles, Philadelphia, Boston, St. Louis, Cleveland, Washington, San Francisco, Kansas City, Chicago and Houston, peach-fed Coca-Cola-washed Atlanta has become the 16th to possess major league professional football and baseball clubs.

First, the Milwaukee Braves of the National League decided to move into Atlanta's \$18 million stadium, which is located within sight of every downtown office and a tangle of 32 lanes of expressway traffic Atlanta would have been more than happy with the Braves alone. But then last week, after a furious 23 days of mysterious maneuverings that only Agent 007 or Pete Rozelle could really clear up, the National Football League swiped the city from the American Football League for expansion in 1966.

Why the rush to Atlanta?

There were several lures for both the Braves and the Peach Pits, or whatever the NFL club decides to call itself. Not the least of these is the new stadium (\$2,000 for baseball, \$7,000 for football). Although it does not have a dome—yet—it is a handsome structure that was built in 51 weeks on property the city did not own, with money the city did not have and for teams that did not exist. A new stadium, especially one as good as Atlanta's, is quite a magnet to a professional sports team.

But more important was Atlanta's potential for television. It is the major city of the Deep South, and will command a sweeping commercial range throughout Dixie, all the way to Baltimore in the East and to Houston in the West. This will mean more instant money for the Braves than for the NFL,

where TV revenue is divided equally among the clubs. But it will encourage a higher-priced package when the NFL goes up for TV grabs again after this season.

Next, Atlanta is, and has been, a civilized, cosmopolitan city—a liberal oasis of sophistication compared to such southern centers as Birmingham, Jackson or Montgomery. It has been a growing, progressive-minded city, a place where one could get a drink across a bar and do the frug before that tribal ritual was discovered by the discotheques.

Atlanta also offered the NFL a chance to be the league that took the pro game into the Deep South, a vast reservoir of college talent. The recruiting benefits should be overwhelming.

Most important of all, however, it was a city with a novice politician for a mayor, Ivan Allen, who believed in fairy tales and was either too determined or too naive to be confounded by conviners.

The new battle of Atlanta began on April 6, 1963. Charles O. Finley was making one of his usual scouting trips, looking for a place to move the Athletics. In Atlanta the mayor showed Finley three possible stadium sites, and Finley selected the one that later was used.

"Mr. Mayor," said Finley, "if you'll build a stadium here, I'll guarantee you a major league baseball team." It was at least the third city in which Finley had made the same guarantee—but Ivan Allen believed him.

The mayor went to a banker, Mills B. Lane, and told him about Finley.

"How bad do you want this stadium?" Lane asked.

"Bad," said Allen, knowing that in that precise moment he was gambling his city hall future.

Lane advanced \$750,000 for architects and engineers while the mayor reactivated a dormant stadium authority and began chasing down titles to the property. By early July it became depressingly clear to Finley that he was stuck in Kansas City—again—and clear to Allen that he was just plain stuck. Atlanta thereupon went shopping for another team, with Arthur Montgomery, chairman of the Stadium Authority and

head of the Coca-Cola Bottling Company of Atlanta, as the lead shopper. It was Montgomery who landed the Braves' promise to leave Milwaukee for Atlanta in 1965, a promise that resulted in the city paying out \$700,000 in bonuses to the contractor in exchange for getting the new stadium ready in record time.

With the stadium under way, and the fact dawning on a lot of football owners that the TV market would be lucrative, Atlanta did not have to worry about getting a pro football club. In fact, the St. Louis Cardinals of the NFL were all but suiting up in Atlanta when the Bidwell brothers, the Cardinal owners, discovered a prior contractual agreement in St. Louis that appeared to be legally binding.

It was at this point that Atlanta paused briefly to worry. The Braves suddenly developed contract trouble in Milwaukee, at least for another season, and with the Cardinal deal failing, the stadium was in danger of being built, beautiful—and empty. Some people—faithless people—began to call the structure "Allen's Folly."

The mayor was undaunted. He called on James M. Cox Jr., chairman of the board of Cox Broadcasting, to help him find a football team. Cox turned the job over to J. Leonard Reinsch, president of the Cox Corporation. Allen then went to the NFL, and Reinsch went to the AFL. Although Allen got a polite brush-off from Pete Rozelle, Reinsch very nearly

### THE LOSERS



*Milwaukee Lindsey Hopkins barely missed.*

lured the Broncos away from Denver. Atlanta was within two hours of getting them when Denver's Jerry Phlips stepped in and kept the team at home.

Reinsch came close enough for the AFL to promise him a club when the league expanded—a move that was expected in June. Indeed, on June 7 the AFL awarded a new franchise to the Cox company, provided it could get an exclusive stadium lease. But meanwhile the NFL had decided that Atlanta was too good for the younger league. Rozelle showed up, met secretly with the Stadium Authority, and promised an NFL franchise by 1966, not 1967, which was when the NFL had publicly announced it would expand. Rozelle had approval of the NFL owners by a vote of 12-2, the negative votes being cast by the Chicago Bears' George Halas (he would sooner have had the AFL expanding into Atlanta than into Chicago) and the Los Angeles Rams' Dan Reeves. The fight was on.

For three weeks NFL and AFL owners flew in and out of Atlanta like training pilots, wooing the Stadium Authority. The choice seemed to be Atlanta's.

Even before it had been officially announced, it was clear that the NFL had captured the city. This was partly thanks to a shrewd move by Pete Rozelle, who sent in Pollster Lou Harris for a three-day survey to prove the NFL was superior. The poll revealed that Atlanta favored an NFL team by a 5-1 margin, also that Atlanta had an 83% popu-

lation of sports fans compared to the norm of 63%; also—woe to the Braves—that the residents preferred football to baseball.

"Atlanta," concluded Harris, "is the hottest football city in the world."

How hot?

Atlanta now has a population of only 600,000. While it is growing, it is no Houston (where the next NFL team most likely will go, to play under the Astro-dome that the Oilers recently vacated), with its vast NASA complex and shipping and oil industries. Moreover, Atlanta has always been a college football town, devoted to Georgia Tech, which can count on a corps of 50,000 spectators even if it plays Tulane and throws only three forward passes.

The man with the most fervent hope that Harris was right is the new NFL owner, Rankin M. Smith, who won the privilege of paying \$9 million for the club over millionaire sportsman Lindsey Hopkins Jr. and William G. Reynolds of Richmond, Va. Rankin Smith is 40, tanned, tall, an executive vice-president of Life Insurance Co. of Georgia who attended the University of Georgia. "I don't know anything about football," Smith says, "but doesn't every male adult want to own his own team?"

Smith is a member of the State Game and Fish Commission, a farmer, a bird rarer (doves), the owner of a 32-foot yacht anchored in Miami, a close friend of Georgia Governor Carl Sanders and, first of all, a businessman.

Spending of the \$9 million, Smith says, "It's like when the old prospector held a six shooter on the cowboy and asked him if he had ever kissed a mule. The cowboy said, 'No, but I always wanted to.' Actually, I'd never given this thing a second thought if I had not felt it to be a good business deal. My homework shows it is."

Smith is also aware that Atlanta will have a big edge over the last two NFL expansion teams, Dallas and Minnesota. The new franchise will get the first draft choice of the 1965 collegiate group, plus a bonus pick in each of the first five draft rounds. And each of the other 14 teams will be permitted to protect only 25 players on its 40-man rosters as "untouchables" from purchase. Atlanta can have a good team quickly.

It will be listed as an Eastern Division team, but will play all 14 clubs in the league next year. If the new club changes the television habits of the whole Deep South, it will change Rankin Smith's as well. Says his wife: "For as long as I can remember, Rankin has been watching NFL football on TV. I guess he'll have to give that up now."

But it was really Mayor Allen who had the last word. With ingenuous charm the mayor declared, "We used Charlie Finley to get into the National Baseball League, and now we have ridden into the National Football League on the backs of J. Leonard Reinsch and the AFL. We must consider ourselves most fortunate."

END



Charlie Finley had to remain in Kansas City.



J. Leonard Reinsch tried to sell the AFL.



Commissioner Joe Foss got a ride to Atlanta.

# A SINKING FEELING ON THE THAMES

*Vesper used England's famed Henley Regatta to settle a private American feud with foisted Harvard, but a vengeance-minded crew from Germany turned both of them into also-rans by upsetting the Olympic champions in the finals*

by JOHN LOVESEY



*Crossing line ahead of Harvard are Vesper's*

In sport the pursuit of pure excellence is all very well, but nothing endangers records like a good grudge and a desire for vengeance. Last week the normally calm waters of England's Thames River were churned to boiling as three crews from overseas engaged in some of the fastest, hardest rowing in the long history of the Henley Royal Regatta. Before the heavyweight crews from Harvard University, the Vesper Boat Club of Philadelphia and the Ratzburg Rowing Club from West Germany had worked out their grudges in the racing for the Grand Challenge Cup, the world record for the Henley distance (11½ miles) set by the Russians last year had been broken (twice officially and once unofficially) by each of the three crews.

During the first days of the racing, attention was focused on the intense, bitter rivalry between the two American boats, Harvard and Vesper. Harvard,

undefeated by any other college crew during the 1964 season, had been smarting for more than a year from its defeat in the Olympic trials by Vesper, which went on to win a gold medal for the U.S. in Tokyo. Vesper, the certified Olympic champion, had been smarting all through the 1965 collegiate rowing season at the acclaim given Harvard by the American press, including *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*. The two crews had not met since they raced in the trials and there were undercover accusations by each side that the other was dodging a contest. At Henley, where the course runs straight down the lovely upper Thames, with its border of gently moving willows, lush meadows and shaded lawns, the challenge was voiced in the open. "Our idea in coming here was to see what we could do against crews of the caliber of Vesper," Harvard's young coach, Harry Parker, explained somewhat tersely. "There is no justification

yet for calling us the fastest crew, but we intend to settle that here."

Although the Grand Challenge Cup, as well as other events at Henley, is run like an elimination tennis tournament, there is no seeding of the best entries. The draw pitted Harvard against Vesper in the very first round. The boats sent over in advance by both crews had been damaged in transit, making practice difficult. Harvard's favorite Swiss-built Stacompfi shell was crushed in four or five places and had a hole driven through it in one spot. While it was being repaired, the Crimson worked out in a borrowed boat. The Vesper shell was even more badly damaged by a crate which fell on it, necessitating a two-foot-long patch. To compound these disabilities, the coaches of both crews, Harvard's Parker and Vesper's diminutive ex-cox Al Rosenberg, had to adapt themselves to the Henley custom of coaching from the towpaths on bicycles. "I've got



From left, Joe Armitage, Hugh Foley, John Abele, Tony Johnson, Ed Ferry, Boyce Budd, Fargo Thompson, Bill Stone, and Coxswain Bob Zimory.

a sore tail," Rosenberg complained after one session on a bike two sizes too large.

Unlike the collegians, who arrived after a full season of college rowing, Vesper had rowed only one race (the no-contest American Henley) before coming to England, but what Vesper expected to lose through insufficient conditioning it expected to make up with sheer strength and maturity. "If we had a weight-lifting contest," said Vesper's chief patron, Jack Kelly, "we'd beat the devil out of them." Man for man, the Vespers averaged 12 pounds more than Harvard. "If it's a fight for the finish," said Rosenberg, "I know we'll win."

Parker expected Vesper to strike out for an early lead. "We'll just make sure," he promised, "that our pace over the last two-thirds is faster." But as it turned out, in the fastest preliminary ever rowed at Henley, Harvard took the early lead and held it for a quarter of a mile. Then Vesper marshaled its power, gained half

a length at the midway mark and hit the finish line two-thirds of a length ahead, cutting five seconds off the course record, with Harvard a record-breaking three seconds behind. "They moved right through," said Harvard's coxswain, John Unkovic, "and we could never get our boat back in the groove." "We bashed their heads in," crowed Rosenberg.

One man who was impressed but not awed by Vesper's power was Karl Adams, the coach of the former world champion Ratzburg crew. Still brooding over their Tokyo defeat, Adams' Ratzburgers were as determined to avenge themselves on Vesper as Vesper had been to beat Harvard. They met, fittingly enough, in the final. "Both crews," said Kelly before the race, "will be hanging it out over 40, and one of them will have to blow." As Kelly's royal sister Grace and her husband, Prince Rainier of Monaco, watched from the official launch, one of them did. It was Vesper.

The race started in an explosion of energy, with the Germans taking off at an incredible 52 strokes a minute and Vesper at 48. Overconfident Vesper, getting off roughly, gave the Ratzburgers a third of a length in those first few seconds, and they were never able to get the lost distance back. "If only we'd been afraid of them," mourned Vesper's No. 5, Ed Ferry.

"I thought they would break," said Vesper bow oar Joe Armitage afterward, "but everytime we took 10, they took 10." "This," said Henley's normally unexcitable race commentator over the loudspeakers as Ratzburg swept over the line a full two seconds inside Vesper's own brand-new course record, "is a terrific race."

After Vesper's victory over Harvard, Jack Kelly cabled **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED**: HARVARD IS THE GREATEST BUT VESPER IS THE FASTEST.

Right. Except for Ratzburg. **END**

# OFF TO RUSSIA, WITHOUT LOVE

*Whether our girls have caught up with the Soviets will be disclosed at Kiev this month. But last week's AAU women's track and field meet produced a blend of talent and beauty that is hard to beat* **by JOE JARES**

For the first time in the history of the National AAU Women's Track and Field Championships, the once-fragile flowers of U.S. femininity were being allowed to run 1,500 meters, the metric mile. The 1,500 is not yet an official international event for women, but some sly committee decided it would be well to get a head start on the other countries, just in case. Besides, so many delicate young things were running cross-country in the fall it seemed a shame to let them waste away in the summer.

In the inaugural 1,500, Marie Mulder (51, May 10), who had won a punishing 880 just an hour and a half earlier, stayed back in third place most of the race and then shot into the lead at the

start of the final lap. When Sandra Knott of Cleveland came up on her heels at the last curve, Marie again opened up a gap, but Sandra hung on and drew almost even. Finally, in the last few yards, Marie found a still higher gear to shift into and won by a stride in 4:36.5. After the race, the 27-year-old Sandra shook her head and said, "That girl's got more speeds than a racing car."

Marie Mulder is the finest woman distance runner in America at the normally gawky, neophyte, silly-giggle age of 15. A few minutes after completing her difficult double, she was breathing normally and planning a postvictory nocturnal horseback ride with one of her teammates from Will's Spiketoes of Sacra-

mento, Calif. Her easy recovery seemed to smush forever the notion that females should not and could not gasp their way more than twice around a quarter-mile track.

"A lot of people may think I'm burning her up, but I'm not," said her coach, Will Stephens. "She's like a machine. She has the knack of working hard and making it pay off. She has a tremendous background of work in track and a lot of self-discipline. She's a straight-A student, except for once when she had to fly to Europe. And she's so relaxed that 30 minutes before a race she's apt to fall asleep—and that's happened."

Marie and 21 other standouts from the AAU championships will compete

TODD TIBBLE



*That winning look was displayed in Ohio by Runner Marie Mulder (left), Javelin Thrower Refae Bar and Canadian Hurdler Jennfer Wingerson.*

July 31 and August 1 in the U.S.-Russia meet in Kiev, to be televised in the Soviet Union, flashed to western Europe, beamed into outer space, carried off the Early Bird satellite into the Western Hemisphere and brought live to TV screens in thousands of U.S. homes. From Kiev the ladies move on to Warsaw, Poland and Munich, West Germany. But getting there was half the fun, and the AAU testing ground last Thursday, Friday and Saturday was the Worthington High School Athletic Field outside Columbus, Ohio.

While Miss Mulder helped expand the horizons of women's athletics, Coach Ed Temple and his troupe from the Tennessee State University Club—former stable of retired sprint champion Wilma Rudolph—won the team title and placed four women on the American team. The Tigerbelles' B and A teams finished one-two in the 440-yard relay and their Olympic gold medal twins, Edith McGuire and Wyomia Tyus, easily won the 220 and 100 respectively.

"This Tyus is not something to sneeze at," said Temple. "If I had her and Rudolph I'd have to flip a coin. And she's still young, just 19. Wilma was 20 when

she won her three gold medals. For Tyus, her year will be 1968."

The championships were frustrating for Fred Jones, the dove-voiced coach, trainer and equipment manager for the Los Angeles Mercurettes. Although publicly he says he has "no anxieties," he is bitter about the way the AAU always bypasses him in selecting coaches for international events. He hoped his powerful team would beat Tennessee State, place five or six girls on the U.S. team and show up the AAU. But as the women take on more and more of the men's events, they also take on more and more injuries.

The Mercurettes had Chi Cheng of Taiwan, a favorite in the 100-meter hurdles and a contender in the long jump. An injured hamstring muscle forced her to scratch. Terrezene Brown, 17, co-favorite in the high jump, also had to drop out because of an injured hamstring. Sprinter Marilyn White, a 20-year-old junior at UCLA, ran with her right thigh wrapped up mummy-style, and Sprinter Barbara Ferrell competed despite a hairline fracture of her right ankle.

One of the few healthy Mercurettes was 195-pound Lynn Graham, 17, whose

shotput and discus victories led Jones' girls' division team (17 and under) to the championship Friday night. Lynn has taken over as the Randy Matson of U.S. women, now that Earlene Brown of Compton, Calif. has thrown her considerable bulk and good humor into professional roller skating. Lynn also won the women's division shot and discus for a total of 40 points in three days. She puts the shot right-handed, casts with her left hand, throws the discus with her right, plays tennis ambidextrously, writes with her left and pitches softball with her right.

"For her age she's better than Tamara Press of Russia," said her mother, Mrs. Cornelia Graham. "It was a long time before Press got up to what Lynn has done, 51 feet 5 inches. I think she'll definitely leave quite a few records in her wake."

While many winners were familiar names—Janell Smith in the 440, Willye White in the long jump and RaNae Bair in the javelin—a big part of the track show was stolen by a heartening wave of new stars. Little Annie Roomoys who looked as if they belonged on some sidewalk playing hopscotch. For instance,

*continued on page 40*



*Driving for the tape, Olympic gold medalist Wyomia Tyus of the Tennessee State University Club won the 100 yards with something to spare*

# CAROL IS THE LADIES' MANN

*Changes were expected when Mickey Wright left the ladies' tour, and a big one came fast as young Carol Mann, who has the build of a whooping crane and the personality of a puppy, won the Women's Open* **by GWILYM S. BROWN**



*She said she was fired up, but winner Mann looked cool during her hot birdie streak Saturday.*

It was not exactly a Fourth of July party, but the U.S. Women's Open, held last week just outside the seashore resort of Atlantic City, came as near as a serious golf tournament can to being a high old time. Perennial champion Mickey Wright was back home in Dallas nursing a sore wrist and retirement plans, and the girls she left behind had emerged to sniff and rejoice at the unaccustomed possibility of victory.

"With Mickey gone it seems as if the lid has been taken off," bubbled Carol Mann, a bumptious blonde who enjoyed herself considerably more than anyone else by winning her first Open and \$4,000 with a two-over-par 290, two shots ahead of runner-up Kathy Cornelius.

At 6 feet 3 inches it is hard to keep Miss Mann under any kind of lid very long, but it did take awhile for her to build up steam at Atlantic City. Early in the week she had come down with a cough and a cold and had to rely on a pep pill in the morning and a dose of codeine in the evening to get her through each day. Thus alternately knocking herself out and jolting herself up, she shot an opening 78, then back-to-back 70s that gave her a four-shot lead.

Saturday night the pills didn't work—she did not get to sleep until 3 a.m.—and by the 11th hole on Sunday her lead was down to one stroke over the experienced 32-year-old Mrs. Cornelius. But she held on in spite of potential disaster caused by wild tee shots at 14, 16 and 17 and then birdied 18 for a 72 and her two-stroke margin.

So women's golf had a new U.S. Open winner and a new Wrightless look, but the scene of the change was old. The golf course, the Atlantic City Country Club, was built in 1898 right at the edge of Lakes Bay, five breezy miles across marsh and saltwater lagoon from the famed Atlantic City Boardwalk. Its most distinctive features are strong, shifting winds, very small, tightly trapped greens,



a long golfing history and some unusual inhabitants.

It was here that the term *birdie*, meaning, of course, a hole played in one under par, is said to have originated after a ball hit a seagull. And it was here in 1948 that Babe Didrikson Zaharias won the first of her three Women's Open titles by shooting a 300. In addition to gulls that swoop overhead and the rabbits that occasionally dart out from under the bush, the Atlantic City Country Club is periodically overrun by turtles. On the first day of play last week they crawled along fairways, burrowed in sandtraps and even waddled across tees and greens.

On the second day the wind shifted, the turtles disappeared and Carol Mann came out. Her 70 got her within two shots of Mrs. Cornelius, and on Saturday she took permanent possession of the lead in most authoritative fashion. She was paired with Kathy, and by the second nine had whittled away the two-shot difference. Then came the three holes that set the course of the tournament. On the 13th hole, a 133-yard par 3, Miss Mann punched a low eight-iron shot that bounced up onto the tiny green and rolled to within four feet of the hole. After Kathy had two-putted from 30 feet for her par, Carol tapped in the short birdie putt that put her one shot in front. On the next hole, a 483-yard par 5, Miss Mann was in a greenside trap after two long wood shots. She blasted out a yard from the hole for another birdie. Over the green with her approach to the 15th, she stood by the ball with a wedge in her hand for a few frozen moments and then chipped into the hole for her third straight birdie and a four-shot lead. It was a surge that for all practical purposes ended the Women's Open, even though Miss Mann needed all the lead she had before finally winning on Sunday.

The tournament, and Miss Mann herself, helped highlight some distinctive characteristics of the women's pro tour. It is long, arduous and demanding, just as the men's tour is, but performances are as unpredictable as a female's mood—witness Marlene Bauer Hagge's 72-82-72 the first three days—and there are ever-present elements of girliness that can be most pleasant. Talking about her big shot on 15, Miss Mann said, "I got goose bumps when I chipped in." One

can hardly imagine Arnold Palmer saying that. Or on the 18th tee, when she had a choice of really trying for a 69 or taking a 70, and she decided on the 70. "I was chicken," she said later. Asked about her size, she said, "It doesn't bother me. In fact, I'm somewhat of a ham. I like the attention I get. My four brothers are huge. One is an auto mechanic. He is 6 feet 5. I don't know how he gets under cars."

Friendly frankness has always been a part of Miss Mann's personality. Only 24, she has flopped around on the tournament circuit like an overgrown puppy dog for five years—sometimes playful, sometimes weebegone but rarely a threat to win anything but a ticket back home to Towson, Md. "She never used to be able to hit the ball out of her own shadow," one veteran of the tour says, "but in the last year her swing has improved tremendously." So has her confidence, which got a boost two weeks ago when she won the Lady Carling Open. "I've learned a lot by being in contention a few times," Miss Mann says. "I used to get too keyed up, too

anxious. Now I keep control of myself." One of the tour's longest hitters, she is likely to continue to play well, for she is a firm believer in her "the lid is off" theory that women's golf will change because Mickey Wright is gone.

"When Mickey is out here hitting shot after perfect shot," she says, "it tends to flatten out the rest of us. Now the girls have a feeling that if they work a little harder and play a little better it will mean something. Now we all have a new incentive."

Judged by the holiday mood at Atlantic City, this must be true, but strangely enough it was still Miss Wright who got off the line that could be used to sum up this year's Women's Open. Some days ago she was talking about gamesmanship in golf, and said, "Watch out for a girl who has the sniffles." Watch out indeed, especially if the girl is 6 feet 3 and taking pep pills and codeine. **END**

#### WHAT OF MISSING MICKEY?

The world's best women golfer, a tomboy who ruled for years, reveals on the following pages the reasons she is quitting.



Kathy Cornelius wound up with a 68 that almost won, while Marlene Hagge just wound up.

## MICKY WRIGHT: A RETREAT FROM A FLAWLESS IMAGE

**S**ome women are impossible to please.

Take Mary Kathryn Wright, for instance. It should be enough to be young, to be blonde, to be prosperous, to be her country's top woman athlete, to play golf better than any woman ever has and to be the undisputed leader of that unique sporting sorority known as the Ladies Professional Golf Association. It should be enough, but it isn't, not by the length of one of Mickey Wright's tee shots hit downhill with the wind. This September, after 11 years as the world's most successful woman golfer, she plans to abandon a career worth \$50,000 annually and start life over as a 30-year-old college sophomore.

This seems to make as much sense as trying to climb the Matterhorn on roller skates. But that is the way Mickey Wright thinks. To be interesting life must be a series of challenges, and if the challenges do not come to her she goes to them. As a result, she is a remarkable set of contrasts: on the surface as serene and cool as a college president's wife serving Sunday tea to the faculty, but all the while trying to decide whether to put Ac'cent or strychnine in the sugar bowl.

"I am caustic and hot-tempered," she says. "I want to say what I think. I can't do anything without wanting it perfect. I'm really very critical of everything. I am a perfectionist about others as well as myself, and I do not mind pointing out imperfections when I see them. I feel I have to. But I have also learned that a public image has to be better than just plain human."

Being just plain human has put some tarnish on Mickey's public image from time to time. She has thrown clubs and tantrums, kicked at bushes and told off tournament directors and photographers in graphic, articulate language. But there is a great deal more to her than an occasional flash of Tommy Bolt.

"Mickey is the opposite of what Babe Zaharias was, for instance," says Betsy Rawls, who earned a Phi Beta Kappa key at the University of Texas and is Mickey's closest friend on the ladies' golf tour. "Babe relished all of the publicity she got. She would go out of her way to get it. She loved to clown in front of big crowds—a real show-off. She dominated any group she was in simply because she wanted attention and wanted her way. Mickey can dominate any group, too, but in a much more intellectual way. She starts interesting conversations and keeps them going. She draws others out. But, unlike Babe, Mickey has never felt at ease with large groups of strangers."

"That is right," says Mickey. "I do not enjoy all the things that go with being a champion. I very much want adulation while I am on the golf course, but not anywhere else. It seems to embarrass me. I feel I have to turn myself on all the time."

Mickey did not begin to think about turning herself on until she had an explosive run-in with a tournament official at the Triangle Round Robin in 1957. A round-robin tournament is a statistical nightmare in which a player's success is determined not just by what score he shoots but by how badly the competitors in his foursome play. A sudden substitution in her group for the last round was unfair, Mickey thought, because it involved replacing a slumping player with an alternate likely to shoot a better round, thus making it more difficult for the others in the foursome to score points. When she came off the last green having lost the tournament by one point to Fay Crocker—but having beaten Fay by five strokes on her own score—Mickey was mad enough to bite a two-iron in half. She swore, she stamped, she kicked at bushes, and when she finally located the tournament *continued*

**THE MANY FACES** of complex Mickey are seen during a single interview, as she ranges from image-conscious chatter to retrospective deliberation to an open display of tension and weariness.

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official who had made the change in pairings, the late John McAuliffe, she hit him with a broadside worthy of a man-of-war. The LPGA tournament committee fined Mickey \$100 for her outburst and told her she would have to make a personal apology to McAuliffe or she would be suspended.

"When I got the word about what I had to do," says Mickey, "my first reaction was, 'I won't do it. I'm right, McAuliffe's wrong.' Then I started to think about it. I finally realized I had made a complete fool out of myself by displaying my emotions. You can't just act the way you feel. It was an enlightening and at the same time disillusioning experience. I had learned that it was unrealistic to try and stick to what I considered my high principles—to be what I felt like being."

The outgrowth of this incident was the establishment of what Mickey considers the ideal public image for her and, though her version of a living doll has been most successful, it suits her about as well as a hair shirt. She is, or, to be more accurate, she acts, bland, pristine and innocuous.

"I want everyone to think I am just a nice, charming girl," she attempts to explain. "No, that is not exactly what I want either, but something like that. It is something I like to see in other people, anyway. I do not know Byron Nelson, but he seems to have the kind of thing I have in mind for myself. He seems calm and friendly and charming. At least, this is the personality that Nelson shows to the public. No, it's stronger than that. I find it very hard to describe an image. I want to be someone who could be respected because of, well, maybe impeccable behavior, or for having a kind of detachment, or for gracious manners, but not a snob. My gosh, this sounds too Olympian. Not cold, but..."

"But someone who does not want to be loved?" she was asked.

"Not!" she shouted, then looked up sheepishly. "Oh dear, was that too emphatic? Anyway, I want an image with no chinks, no flaws. I think I have accomplished that, but I am not really like that and it is a strain. I am really quite emotional. Anytime you find someone who feels that she has to create an image for herself you have found an emotional person."

Mickey has been emotional about golf since she first came to grips with the

game. She was 10 years old, a tomboy of sorts in San Diego who preferred football and baseball with the boys to dolls with the girls, when her father, a prosperous lawyer, gave her a toy set of golf clubs. The first time she went out to play with them she swung so hard at the ball she broke every club. So she started off with a forceful interest in the game. As a young golfer she had one distinct advantage. At the age of 11 she stood 5 feet 8 inches tall, about what she is today. This meant that her golf swing always had a very big arc and, without forcing, she could hit the ball a long way. Another result of her height was that right through high school, even though she had bright blue eyes and a dimpled smile, she was too self-conscious to enjoy much of a social life. "It was really a thing with me," she recalls now. "I would not even go to the movies with a boy unless he was taller than I was."

While her classmates were at the movies, Mickey was on the golf course. She played every day, carrying her own clubs in a white canvas bag. She would hit as many as 300 balls in one practice session, scooping them up later with a tin can nailed to the end of a board. By the time she turned pro late in 1954, at the age of 19, she had won the National Girls' Junior Championship and had been the runner-up to Barbara Romack in the National Amateur. She was one of the longest hitters in the game, amateur or pro, and her swing was simple and compact.

Unfortunately, there was nothing simple or compact about her golfing temperament. It was an emotional jumble of misconceptions.

"When I first came out on the tour," she recalls, "I felt pretty confident. I knew I could hit the ball well with a full swing. But I was a terrible chipper and putter."

"She certainly was," says Betsy Rawls, who has always been a superb short-game player. "She figured that your score should be in direct proportion to the number of greens you hit in regulation. She felt it took skill to drive, but chipping and putting were just a matter of luck. She would moan about her short game. Then, when she would have a bad round, she would blame everyone but Mickey Wright for her own mistakes on the golf course. I guess I told her pretty

often that until she realized that it was Mickey Wright who had just fluffed a chip shot, not a marshal or her caddy, she would never reach her potential. I remember we were playing at St. Petersburg in 1958, and after listening to the usual complaining about a bad round I really sailed into her. I let her have it. This time it got through. She had finally reached the point where she could understand what I had been trying to tell her for so long."

"I got kind of mad that time, all right," Mickey recalls, "but for once it all seemed to fall into place. I realized I had just been feeling sorry for myself, and that disgusted me!"

It should have. Even good golf shots furnish the material for some of life's dullest conversations, but bad ones? Whew. From that moment on there was very little about Mickey's golf to disgust anyone. On the course, the way she hit a golf ball furnished excitement for all who watched her. Off the course, she was warm and gracious to all who met her. In her first three years on the tour Mickey was able to win only four tournaments. In 1958 she won five tournaments, the first of four U.S. Opens and the first of four Ladies PGA Championships. Today she has amassed a record of 65 tournament titles and more than \$185,000 in prize money. She has been not just the leading light of the LPGA tour, she has been the LPGA tour. This fact has been very discouraging to the tour's spear carriers, who have had to be content to trudge along behind her.

"If she does retire I will be truly sorry, because she is such a great player and has done so much for our organization," says Kathy Whitworth, the tall, long-hitting girl from Jal, N. Mex. who seems most likely to take the No. 1 position when Mickey vacates the scene. "But Mickey has dominated the tour so completely that it has been pretty frustrating. People hardly know the rest of us are here. After the 1963 season I was feeling good about myself. I had won eight tournaments. Even though Mickey had won 13, it was still the best year I'd ever had. Then someone asked me right at the beginning of 1964: 'How did you do last year?' It made me want to quit trying."

There are others just as keenly aware of Mickey Wright's importance to the ladies' tour, especially tournament sponsors. In 1963 Mickey rather suddenly

continued



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### WOMEN'S GOLF *continued*

decided to take a brief rest from the tour. The sponsors of two tournaments she had planned to skip, in Baltimore and Worcester, Mass., had a simple response to the request that Miss Wright be allowed to stay home for a couple of weeks. "No Mickey Wright, no tournament," they said, creating an impasse that was eventually resolved in the only possible way—she played in both events.

It is anyone's guess what will happen to the ladies' tour with no Mickey Wright in most of the tournaments, and the man who is trying to guess hardest is Tournament Director Leonard Wirtz. He sits at home in Cincinnati trying to dream up any workable scheme that will get Mickey back on the tour next year, at least during the summer.

"Her retirement really hurts," says Wirtz, stating the obvious, "but she has already done an awful lot for this organization. Besides, I am so fond of her that when she confided in me a year ago that she was thinking about this I never tried to talk her out of it. Money does not motivate this girl, challenges do. There is an emphasis everywhere on getting a college degree these days. Everyone is talking 'college degree, college degree, college degree.' So Mickey wants a college degree."

The positive motivation of obtaining a college degree was certainly a potent factor in luring Mickey, who finished a year at Stanford when she was 19, into a more contemplative way of life, but the negative matter of having to play high-pressure golf week after week and of having to maintain her position at the top contributed a great deal to her final decision. Her temperament was becoming publicly unsettled again, and injuries—such as the one that kept her out of last week's Women's Open—were getting more frequent.

"The desire to quit really started bugging me two years ago, the year I won 13 tournaments," she says. "I was getting a little scared. My gosh, where do I go from here? I was under constant pressure to win, a good deal of it from the newspapers where we played. If I was winning no one would really bother me. That was easy, that was what I was supposed to do. But if I wasn't winning a whole troop of guys would follow me around. 'What's the matter? How

come you aren't ahead?" I knew I could not win every week, but naturally they couldn't see it that way. After all, this was *their* town and *their* week, and I was not winning *their* tournament. I found myself getting defensive and irritable, and I did not like myself. Last summer the pressure began to get to me to the point where I was always tired, my health was bad [she developed ulcers] and I could feel myself losing control of my emotions. I knew something was going to happen."

And something did. In the first round of a tournament in Albuquerque she became irritated by a television photographer who brought TV's imperious eye a little too close to the action. Mickey cast out a few hints that perhaps he could back off a little so that she would not hear the whir of his camera at the top of her backswing. By the 9th hole she had grown as hot as the desert climate. The photographer, squaring in front of a shocked gallery, received a tongue-lashing reminiscent of the events at the Triangle tournament in 1957. Only this time Mickey did not beat anybody by five strokes. She stomped through the last nine holes like a berserk elephant, six-putted one green and wound up the day with a nice, fat 86 and a nice, fat emotional hangover.

"I had completely lost control of myself," she says, "and I figured it might happen again. Everything I had built up over the years, all my care about my public image, would be out the window. This finally made me decide to quit the tour."

Strange though it is, when Mickey Wright takes her place behind a desk in a classroom at Southern Methodist University this fall her fellow golfers, who will now get back into the limelight, are not going to be turning handsprings in celebration.

"People come out to see Mickey play even when she's 10 shots back," says Patty Berg. "They know she can still win. She draws crowds. She increases the gate, and that is what determines prize money."

But even more indicative of Mickey's stature is the comment of Kathy Whitworth: "I have been shooting at the top for years," she says, "and suddenly the top is gone. Even if I do turn out to be No. 1, it won't taste the same. Everybody is going to say, 'Mickey Wright wasn't playing.'"

END

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# **T**HE BIG WEEK AT COWES

Horseplayers have their Churchill Downs, golfers their Augusta. To yachtsmen the name that matters is Cowes, home port of Britain's Royal Yacht Squadron. Each year in August, the Royal and other Cowes clubs play host to the world in a week-long round of sailing and socializing that is the pinnacle of the yachting year. This month stay-at-home U.S. yachtsmen will attempt to match the Cowes Regatta with one of their own off Block Island. This is certain in time to become a great annual event, but it is equally certain that no other regatta will ever replace the Cowes that Photographer Gerry Cranham has depicted on the following pages.

**C**ruising sailors, wedged in at "the Trots"—the town moorings—get their gear ready for racing.







**L**ike a duchess at a tea, the Royal Yacht "Britannia" (above) dominates the guests in the harbor.

**T**he town itself (right, above) puts on fancy dress for the regatta and offers a trophy for a race of its own.



**L**ess pretentious than the cruisers, sailors from the Island Sailing Club (right) head for a dinghy race.



# IT BURST UPON US LIKE A STAR SHELL

BY CARLETON MITCHELL



The first time I sailed into Cowes was at the wheel of my yawl, *Caribbee*, after the finish of the Transatlantic Race in 1952. A cold drizzle fell from low, gray scud, peppering the gray caps of the Solent and finding its way through chinks in our worn oilskins. Over the bow the town looked gray, too, and it was dominated by a gloomy, squat, stone building which I recognized by the white ensign snapping from its flagstaff as The Castle of the Royal Yacht Squadron.

It was not a very auspicious introduction for a boat and crew that had sailed 3,000 miles with participation in Cowes Week as a major goal. We anchored in swirling tide, sitting on the rail like slightly damp gulls, and thought longingly of our native habitat. Just about then I began to discover that a normal English summer would be considered a national yachting disaster on our side of the Atlantic. But that was before The Week started.

A few days later, it burst upon us like a many-streamered star shell. We found ourselves in a round of parties by night and fierce competitive sailing by day. I discovered that the real lure of The Week is its combination of many facets, so oddly at variance with each other. Cowes is tradition, it is pageantry, it is glamour, it is spectator sport and participant sport, it is hospitality; it is discomfort, it is British snobbery and the stiff upper lip with a dash of Coney Island as seasoning. It also provides the damndest challenge to skippers, navigators and crews that I, as a racing sailor, have ever encountered anywhere.

To protect Cowes, Henry VIII long ago built a small fortress where the Medina River flows into the Solent. The Royal Yacht Squadron, which was founded by a group of seagoing bluebloods about the time of Waterloo, took this castle over as a clubhouse in 1856, and it still stands at the center of The

*continued*

**I**n oilskins and evening gown Mrs. Tommy Sopwith steps ashore to attend the Royal London Y.C. ball.



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## COWES *continued*

Week's activities. Yet of the multitude that fills the town to overflowing for these few days each year, only a fraction enters the sacred portals. Its snobbery was perhaps best epitomized by Kaiser Wilhelm of Germany, who once said of his cousin and fellow Squadron member, King Edward VII of England, "He's off sailing with his grocer," the grocer being Sir Thomas Lipton, who dangled his *Sauvignon* offshore for many years before being admitted to the inner sanctum of The Castle.

During the Victorian era The Week was a showplace for huge yachts sailed by professional crews, but nowadays Cowes is peopled by a rugged, hard-driving group of small-boat sailors. Royalty is still represented by the Duke of Edinburgh, who sometimes includes Prince Charles in his crew, but the princes take their lumps with the rest of the fleet. And although The Squadron Lawn still boasts, in the words of American Yachtsman Bunny Rigg, some "Victorian relics in flat caps and moth-eaten uniforms peering through cobwebbed spyglasses, just like a Mary Petty drawing," many Squadron members now are out battling the elements.

Cowes Week falls at a time when the English summer traditionally "breaks," and there is almost sure to be a raging gale before the week is out. Capsizings and sinkings are common among the smaller classes, blown sails and dismastings among the larger, adding to the excitement of the gallery. For in England yachting is a spectator sport, and many boat watchers, clutching binoculars and brass spyglasses, come crowding into town during The Week. Races start and finish off The Castle, close in, to allow common folk nuzzled along the waterfront a good look, and courses are laid out to keep the fleet in sight as much as possible. The Solent does its part by providing the trickiest watery stage in the world. Tides surge in and out of the English Channel with jet-stream force. My initial experience was at the helm of *Curabber*, when I found 30-odd tons of yawl being set bodily to windward, running down a moored dinghy and almost being dismasted under the bow of an anchored man-of-war before I realized what was happening.

Add a checkerboard of sandbars, shoals and rocks to swirling currents and wind-against-the-tide seas, and yachting on the Solent becomes some-

thing of a hurdle race. But there are also large ships darting across the course, since the Solent forms the approach to Southampton, one of England's busiest seaports, and to Portsmouth, a major base of the Royal Navy. Finally, as floating contrivances from dinghies to ocean racers to 12-meters are going round the buoys at the same time, there are some monumental traffic jams. The *Yachting World Annual* noted in '62 with fine understatement: "The changes in the wind unfortunately caused considerable bunching at some of the marks and different classes became mixed."

Besides the Royal Yacht Squadron, races are conducted by the Royal Southampton, the Royal Thames, the Royal London, the Royal Southern, the Royal Cornishian yacht clubs and the Island Sailing Club. When the sails come down there is an equally busy social schedule. Drinking extends from sea on the lawn of The Castle to ale at the bar of the Island Sailing Club, with pink girls at every stop between. Evenings there are dinner parties and balls, so glittering ladies frequently step from a peanut-size pram dinghy into a waiting Rolls-Royce.

As the available hotel rooms cannot possibly house the crews of some 2,000 vessels, most live aboard. Large yachts anchor off The Royal Y.S. Castle and dinghies haul out ashore, but the majority lie in the Trots, a line of mooring buoys in the Medina River. Looking like a log boom waiting for the spring thaw, early arrivals make fast bow and stern, and latecomers tie alongside. For half a mile boats stretch in a continuous platform of decks.

Cowes Week ends in a literal blaze of glory. Anchored guard ships from various nations are outlined in lights, bands play afloat and ashore and, finally, before midnight comes a huge display of fireworks that illuminates the sky for miles. Next day, the fleet in the Trots disperses fast, especially in Fastnet Race years, but all hands are starting to think ahead. For, as the *Annual* once said, "A great deal of Cowes Week is traditional, and yet each year remains separately and distinctly memorable." It was at Cowes in 1851 that a deathless sporting phrase was coined when Queen Victoria asked who was second behind the schooner *America* in the first cup race and was told: "There is no second!" Nothing could be more applicable to Cowes Week itself. **END**

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# THE MOUSE WHO BUILDS THE MOUNTAINS

Little Maury Wills is threatening to break his own stolen-base record as he wangles precious runs—and the league lead—for his low-scoring Los Angeles Dodgers by **WILLIAM LEGGETT**

Ah!" said Willie Crawford, 18 years old and smiling as he stood in the home team's clubhouse at Dodger Stadium after walloping his first hit some 18½ feet into the infield to help the Dodgers win another close game. "You have just seen what we can do and we have done it again. We were up tonight and we were ready and we won in almost the same manner that we always seem to win. Ah!" continued Willie, "everyone remembers just a little while back this season when the Giants were hot and they came to play us three games, but we were up then, too, and we beat them two out of three with just six runs in 27 innings and we lost the other game by one run." Ah! indeed.

For all but eight days of a baseball season now half over, the Los Angeles Dodgers have held onto first place in the National League with a patch-and-putt style of play even more refined now than it was two seasons ago when they won a pennant and swept the World Series out from under the New York Yankees on the grand total of 12 runs. Consider only four statistics about the 1965 Dodgers: through the Fourth of July 1) they suffered 30 injuries and ailments that caused almost endless lineup changes and 2) they scored four or fewer runs in 65 of the 81 games they played, but 3) until late in June they were the only team in the majors that had not lost more than two games in a row this season because 4) their pitching staff gave up three or fewer earned runs in 54 games. "In the National League," says Gene Mauch, the introspective manager

of the Philadelphia Phillies, "there are teams like the Milwaukee Braves, who elude you to death, and the Los Angeles Dodgers . . . well"—pause, brow furrowed, hand rubbed across chin—"they starve you to death." "Playing the Dodgers," says Gene Freese of the Pirates, "is like watching a silent movie." "With the Dodgers," says Maury Wills, the captain, the thief, the switch-hitting, bango-playing bango hitter who leads off for them (*see cover*), "one run is like a mountain."

With the extraordinary pitching that the Dodgers have, one run does look like a mountain. When opposing hitters face Don Drysdale and Sandy Koufax there is a very good chance that they will not score: since the beginning of 1963 Koufax and Drysdale have pitched in 82 games in which they gave the opposition only one run or none at all. During that same period Drysdale lost five games by the score of 1-0—which indicates that the chances are always good that the Dodgers will not get a run either. "Imagine," said Wills recently, "a crazy kind of plot in which we would have to hit against our own pitchers."

He laughed at the vision of an eternal 0-0 game and then entered a small defense of the Dodger offense. "Everyone knows we have great pitching, but our hitters sneak up on a lot of people. Our bese is often worse than our bark." Wills, Mouse to his teammates, 32 years old, 5 feet 10 inches tall and weighing 165 pounds, is a mouse who, more often than not, builds those mountains for the Dodgers. "I know when I have had a

lousy day just by looking down at my uniform. If it isn't dirty I haven't scored two runs, I haven't done my job."

The scene always seems the same when Wills comes to bat. He swings the bat hard as he walks up to the plate. Once. Twice. Three times. The third baseman creeps in, the first baseman creeps in. Will he bunt? Is that what they expect as they creep in? Maybe, but there is something else, too, something that frustrates the pitcher, the third baseman, the first baseman, particularly in Dodger Stadium, where red crushed stone has been packed down hard in the infield near home plate. Wills loves to chop a ball down onto this hard surface, scooting safely to first base while the ball bounces high in the air. With the infielders creeping in, Wills also has a better chance to punch a hit past them, or drop a looping fly over their heads. Once he is on first base, everyone knows that Wills is going to steal second, and then a new form of drama begins, a drama that often takes a ball game deftly away from the opposition.

It was Opening Day this year in Shea Stadium in New York, and the Dodgers were playing the Mets. Wills came to bat, and Charlie Smith, the Mets' third baseman, crept in. Wills singled between third and shortstop. As Met Pitcher Alvin Jackson, facing the next batter, stood on the mound with the ball, Wills's small, quick body was leaning toward second, his hips wiggling, his fingers moving slightly and then coming down to rest on his knees, the knees swaying toward second. Jackson threw over to first, but Wills was gone toward second in a gray-and-blue blur. First Baseman Ed Kranepool threw hastily after him, but the ball bounced into the outfield and Wills was safe. Jackson, rattled, threw low to the next batter, the pitch got by the catcher, and Wills was now on third. The Met infield was obliged to play in close in an attempt to cut off the run. A moment later Willie Davis looped a short fly ball over the drawn-in infield that went for a double. Wills scored, and Davis scored a few minutes later. In the first inning of the first game of the season, in his first time at bat, Wills had built a mountain: the Dodgers added four more runs later, but

continued

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### THE MOUSE continued

the Mets scored only one off Drysdale.

Actually, the Mets should have been prepared for this particular Wills tactic. In the 1963 World Series, the play that gave Los Angeles its big psychological edge over the Yankees came in the first inning of the second game. Wills singled, and as Yankee Pitcher Al Downing lifted his foot, Wills was off. Downing threw to first base, but Wills was halfway to second. Yankee First Baseman Joe Pepitone made a bad throw, and Wills was safe. When Jim Gilliam singled sharply to right field, Wills could not score but he ran far enough past third base to draw a hurried throw from the outfield that could not be cut off, and thus Gilliam was able to reach second. Everyone in the park knew that Wills was a threat to steal home, including Downing, who, under the circumstances, was reluctant to throw his curve ball. Wills Davis hit a fast ball, and the Dodgers had two quick runs. Dodger pitching subsequently yielded only one.

Wills has led the National League in stolen bases for five straight seasons, and in 1962 he stole 104 to break the modern major league record of 96 that Ty Cobb had set 47 years before. This season, with much less fanfare, Wills was running 19 games ahead of his 1962 pace. "Yes," he says, "I want to break the record, just as a pitcher wants to win 30 games or a hitter wants to hit 400 or a slugger wants to hit 61 homers. I have never felt as well physically in my life as I feel this year, and I have never felt as well mentally. I think I have matured now. Over the winter I thought about how bad we were last year when we finished sixth. I made up my mind that I was not going to fight spring training, that I was not going to scratch off the days on the calendar as I had done for so many years. I was going to take each day as it came."

The Dodgers arrived in Vero Beach, Fla. on a cool Saturday evening in February, and Maury Wills had his banjo, his guitar, his ukulele and his confidence with him. It was not always that way. "After the Dodgers brought me up from Spokane in the middle of the season in 1959 I thought everything was going to be fine," he says. "I had been in the minors for nine years, and on June 1, 1959 I got a wire to join the Dodgers in Milwaukee.

I got on a plane in Phoenix, where Spokane had been playing, and when the stewardess brought me a cup of coffee my hands were shaking so much I couldn't hold it.

"I thought back to the days when I was a youngster in Washington, when I used to take a paper bag and pound a pocket into it and use it for a glove. I was one of 13 children. My father was a Baptist minister who also worked as a machinist at the Washington Navy Yard. My mother ran an elevator. I bowed my head in prayer on the airplane and thanked God for giving me the chance. When I got to the hotel in Milwaukee the players had left for the ball park so I took a cab, and when I walked into the clubhouse I had my spikes and glove and other equipment in a shabby cardboard box because I didn't have my equipment bag with me. Some of the guys asked me if I had brought my lunch. That year went pretty good—we won the pennant and the Series—but early in '60 things began to go awful. I didn't know anybody in Los Angeles, and I was lonely. I couldn't hit. Sometimes Walt Alton would take me out of the lineup in the third or fourth inning for a pinch hitter, and I would have to walk past the official Dodger box on my way to the shower. I didn't want to walk past it. I was ashamed. I wished I could crawl so they wouldn't see me.

"One afternoon there was a close play at second base and I thought we had made the putout, but the umpire ruled no. I began jawing at the umpire. He said, 'One more word and I am going to run you, Wills.' I said, 'Go ahead, it's the third inning and they'll take me out for a hitter anyway.'

"After another bad game I said to myself that I had to do something. I went to Pete Reiser, who was a Dodger coach then, and I said, 'Please, please help me!' He gave me hours and hours of batting practice in the Coliseum. It got to 104° in the afternoons on the floor of the Coliseum, and after four days I was ready to quit, and I told him so. He took me for a walk in the outfield, and we sat on the grass. 'You can make it,' he said. 'You will make it.' I told him the heat was getting me down. He said, 'Would you rather take the heat with the Dodgers or go back to the bus and wool-shy circuit in Spokane?' It took nine more days and

then things began to go good for me. When Pete started with me I had only 18 stolen bases and I was hitting around .200. I ended the season with a .295 batting average and I stole 50 bases." That was more than any National Leaguer had stolen in 37 seasons.

Just before Wills came up from the minor leagues to the Dodgers he had traded a transistor radio to another Spokane player for a ukulele, and he began to play it and sing. Later he moved up to a banjo and a guitar. In 1960 the Dodgers, on their way home to Los Angeles after spring training, stopped off in Las Vegas for an exhibition game. Maury, as usual, had his banjo with him. "We all went to see Dinah Shore one night," he says, "and I had heard that something was afoot about me playing the banjo in the night-

club, I said to myself, 'There is no way that they are going to get me on any stage to play the banjo,' and I hid it under the bed in my room. That night Dinah asked me to come up and play. I stood up and waved to the crowd and said 'Thank you,' but that I did not have my banjo with me. Then Dinah held up the banjo, and I had to go up on the stage. The band asked me what key I was going to play in, and I was so flustered I didn't know. But I finally played *Should I and Pagan Love Song*, and the people seemed to like it."

By 1962 the Dodgers had moved out of the Coliseum and into their new \$20 million stadium at Chavez Ravine. The fences are far away at Dodger Stadium and it is not easy to hit home runs there, but the base paths are firm and fast, and it is a great place for stealing bases. By keeping the base paths hard, the Dodgers could utilize their exceptional speed—particularly Wills. A rainy spell in early April softened the infield during the Dodgers' first home stand, but by the second it was dry and hard. Wills stole six bases in six games and was off and running toward Ty Cobb's record.

A base stealer is always an irritant to his opponents, and Wills had felt the gibes and needling before, but in 1962 the reaction sometimes became physical and severe. After he stole four bases against the Pittsburgh Pirates, with Smokey Burgess catching, Wills led off third base and saw Burgess call for a pitchout. "He threw the ball right at my head," says Wills. "We have not spoken since." In a game with Houston, First Baseman Norm Larker, a former Dodger teammate, took repeated pickoff throws from the pitcher and slapped Wills hard on the leg with each futile tag. Such harassment is all part of baseball, but at the time Wills was sporting a sizable hematoma on his leg, a purple swelling caused by internal bleeding that had been brought on by an excess of sliding. Wills tried to hide his ailments from the opposition, but his legs were bothering him so much that late in the season he changed his style and stole most of his last 19 bases by sliding head first.

After the 1962 season Milton Berle worked out a routine for a nightclub act that included Wills and five other comedians.

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**WILLS WARMS UP IN RECORDING STUDIO**

Dodgers, and presented it in Las Vegas and Miami Beach. Don Drysdale sang, Sindy Koufax, Duke Snider and Frank Howard traded jokes with Berle, and Willie Davis did a show-stopping cakewalk, but Wills, with his banjo and guitar, was the most professional of the troupe. Berle says, "Maury has know-how and a good sense of audience value. He has the same great confidence in himself on stage that he has on the field." Maury's agent, Don Odessky, says, "Maury is in the middle-to-high four figures as an entertainment property. He has timing and he knows what to do when things are not going right. He was playing the Sahara one night as a single and things were not going good with the audience. He sensed it and said to the customers, 'Are you as bored as I think you are?' Then he sat on the edge of the stage and looked into the spotlight and sang and wowed 'em. They wouldn't let him leave."

Despite Wills's 104 stolen bases and his September-October batting average of .361, the Dodgers lost the 1962 pennant in a playoff to the Giants. "I went home," Wills says, "and wrote a long, sad ballad about the way the season had gone. I wrote *The Ballad of Walter Alston*, a man who suffered because others wronged him. I thought he wouldn't be back. Thank goodness, he did come back, and we won in 1963."

That was the year of Koufax and Drysdale and Ron Perranoski and the overpowering pitching that crushed the Yankees in that four-straight World Series. Wills batted .302 during the season but an ankle injury kept him out of 28 games and his stolen-base total dropped to 40 (see box). Last season the Dodgers looked almost certain to repeat, but a combination of sudden slumps and disabling injuries, particularly to Johnny Podres and Perranoski, hobbled them. They settled into the second division early and never recovered. Wills stole 53 bases, but he was generally run-of-the-mill. An injury he incurred in 1963 when Dick Bertell of the Cubs blocked him at home plate may have contributed to Wills's lackluster performance. At any rate, it rankled him. "I got even," Wills says. "I waited until I was scoring from third on a short fly. He tried to

decoy me, but I ran right into him and knocked him backward. We used to kid each other all the time, but not since then."

Although other things rankle Wills, too, his resentment is camouflaged in dry humor. "Gabby," he said one night recently in Los Angeles, referring to Dodger Catcher John Roseboro, "is a good catcher and he loves music. He owns 13 different musical instruments and has yet to get a decent note out of any one of them. He is always buying gadgets. In 1960 he bought a pair of electric hair clippers because he said he wanted to become a barber. Now that's not really quite the whole truth. The barbers seem to have this thing in Vero Beach about cutting colored people's hair and, while I like the good people of Vero Beach very much, I do not feel like driving 19 miles to Fort Pierce every time I get a little long in the neck. So Gabby took the clippers, and I volunteered as his first victim. He couldn't get my hair even. We kept looking in the mirror, and my hair was going and going, and he still couldn't get it even. Willie and Tommy Davis came in, and they said, 'Gabby, take a little bit more off the left. Gabby, take a little bit more off the right. Gabby, take a little more off the back.' I said, 'Hold on there, baby. You are fooling with my hair.' Then I looked in the mirror and I said, 'Gabby, we better go for downtown. Take it all!' He did and I peeked out into the hall and I was afraid that people would laugh at me, but after a while the laughing stopped and people called me Yul Brynner and I wasn't so shook up anymore. Now every year we repeat the same ritual, and I save a heck of a lot of money on gas."

#### WILLS'S STOLEN BASES

	Games	Stolen bases	Caught stealing	Pct.
1959	83	7	3	.700
1960	148	50	12	.806
1961	148	35	15	.700
1962	165	104	13	.889
1963	134	40	19	.678
1964	158	53	17	.757
1965*	81	49	18	.731

The bases: second base (207), third base (49), home (2). The months: April (31), May (70), June (52), July (40), August (64), Sept.-Oct. (81). Home games (165), road games (172). \*Through July 4.

This season, in the very first inning of the first intrasquad game the Dodgers played in spring training, Wills stole second base. It was as though he was signaling that he was going to be running again every chance he got, that he felt so good. And, of course, he has been running—although he has been caught stealing more than usual. Certain members of his own team have said privately that they believe Wills steals too much, that he takes risks when none should be taken. "I have noticed several times this season when I came back to the bench after being thrown out," Wills said recently, "that a silence exists which did not use to be there. But I am an uninhibited ballplayer, and I must play that way. I can't do things by any book. I believe that I have to create situations, disturb the pitcher, get to second base where I can score on a single, or steal third where there are 19 different ways to score. Sometimes I feel I must bunt with two strikes or with two outs. All I know is, Walt Alston has never complained about it."

Of course, Alston's offense depends on Wills. Tommy Davis, counted on to drive in the most Dodger runs this season, broke his leg on May 1 and probably will not return to the lineup until September, if then. Willie Davis, who hit .294 last season and was expected to explode into full stardom this year, was sidelined with a rib separation and a pulled leg muscle. Clutch hitters like Ron Fairly and Jim Gilliam have been coming up with game-winning hits, but the absence of the two Davises hurts Los Angeles. "If we can weather this until Willie comes back," says Manager Alston, "and if Tommy can play in September, we'll have a good chance to win." But right now the Dodger situation depends on how many mountains Maury Wills can build.

"When I'm on base I hear the people shouting 'Go, go, go,'" Wills says, "and it stimulates me. But the pressure is on me this year, because the pitchers are watching me closer than ever before. They are making sure they don't make a mistake that I can take advantage of. When I go up there the first time I know that if I can produce one run it may hold. Before I step into the batter's box I stand there and think of all the times they have thrown at my legs or tried to spike me. I squeeze the bat harder and I say to myself, 'Go! Go! Go!'"

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Unannounced, Vice-President Hubert Horatio Humphrey dropped into Loring Air Force Base at Limestone, Me. while returning from a mission Cloaked in Secrecy. Then came the leak: the Vice-President had been fishing. Angling for trout on the Kedgwick River in northern New Brunswick, Humphrey and New Brunswick Premier Louis Robichaud had been the guests of Industrialist K.C. Irving. The Veep's catch remained classified, but a Source Highly Placed in New Brunswick Governmental Circles (confidentially, the Premier's son) provided a hint. "Mr. Humphrey," he said, "is a real good sport."

While in London to defend her Wimbledon singles title, Maria Bueno took time off for tenpin bowling lessons (below). She should have stuck to tennis. A couple of afternoons later, Maria played Australia's Margaret Smith in the finals and lost.

When Ernie Allen, then assistant football coach at the University of Kentucky, learned three years ago that he was to become a grandfather, he got a lei-

ter of intent ready and kept his pen poised for his heir. Alas, Kentucky's football prospect turned out to be a girl. But Allen, by now a coach for the Dallas Cowboys, was ready again when longtime friends David and Pat Hammonds recently became parents of their first child. Todd Hammonds was scarcely home from the hospital before he had a Cowboy contract guaranteeing \$10,000 a year for 21 years. "Unfortunately," Mrs. Hammonds pointed out, "it expires just about the time he becomes eligible." Like any sensible bonus baby, Todd consulted a lawyer—in this case his grandfather, E.C. Hammonds. Lawyer Hammonds admitted to the press, however, that he was having trouble getting his client to talk reasonably about salary. "All I ever get is a lot of arm and leg waving," he complained.

Katharine Hepburn, one of Hollywood's most proficient tennis players, participates daily in early-morning practice at the Beverly Hills Hotel courts. Then, tennis over, she jumps into the pool for a vigorous swim. So athletic is Miss Hepburn, in fact, that she left the hotel the other day still insufficiently exercised. She spied, fortunately, a passel of teen-agers skulking down the sidewalk on skateboards. If you could have sworn on a stack of Bibles that you saw Katharine Hepburn on a skateboard the other day, you wouldn't be in danger of perjuring yourself.

You know how it is. Some outfielder with Wood's Body Shop written across the back of his shirt makes a lucky catch in the Albuquerque semipro league and people start telling him he looks like DiMaggio. Well, in this case, they are right. "I'm Vince," the complimented auto salesman smiled. "But don't tell anybody, please. No publicity. I'm just playing baseball for fun now." And then Vince DiMaggio, now 52, trotted back to left field and made another lucky catch.

Sequel: Massive Earlene Brown, Olympic shotputter and new roller derby luminary (People, June 28) collided with two female competitors and broke her leg.

Nobody can say Representative Robert Michel, Republican of Illinois, doesn't have a polished delivery. Michel hurled a one-hitter as Republicans bunched their hits to defeat the Democrats, 3-1, in the annual Congressional baseball game. Democratic base runner Robert Duncan (Ore.), on the other hand, would rather polish his spikes. Rep. Glenn Davis, Republican second baseman from Wisconsin, suffered a four-inch gash on his forehead when Duncan stormed into second.

"I had heard that when you go down the third time you're dead. Well, I must have drowned at least a hundred times and I'm still alive," said Stanley Dancer, also still scared after his experience at a lake near his cottage in the Poconos. Harness racing's famous driver-trainer had been fishing with driver Del Cameron. When he suddenly got a bite Dancer, who had never hooked

a fish before, panicked. Splash! Instead of Dancer landing the fish, the fish more or less landed Dancer. "I couldn't swim a lick and I still can't," said Stanley after he had been hauled to safety. "But I finally caught a fish. That thing was still on the line, and I reeled it in."

That segment of the populace that has nothing better to do with its time than gawk at what press agents are pleased to call celebrities got caught with its gawks down. There was this young woman in white tennis shorts sitting by herself in front of a gas station right on Route 25A, totally unnoticed. After playing tennis with her friends Jacqueline Kennedy had asked to be dropped off at the nearest telephone to call a Secret Service man to drive her home. She made the call, then just watched the Long Island traffic go by. Reverse gawking, so to speak.

The horses at Aqueduct got a break during the Fourth of July weekend. Trumpeter Al (He's the King) Hirt (below), dethroned the regular bugler, and sounded the call to the post for the sixth race.



## Renewed hope for a special pair of hands

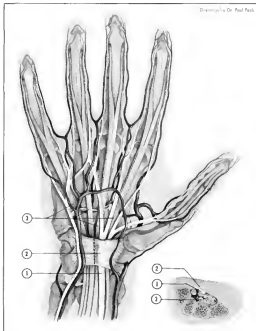
Plagued for nearly a year by cold and numbness that made it impossible for him even to hold a golf club correctly, Ken Venturi is now recovering from surgery at the Mayo Clinic and may be swinging in a month

Ken Venturi's departure from the recent U.S. Open Championship at Belleve Country Club in St. Louis was a sad, stirring moment in sport. It was reasonable for all those who follow golf to assume, after his tormented year, that Venturi's appearance in the Open might well be his last in tournament golf.

What has ailed Venturi since shortly after he won the 1964 Open in one of the game's most brilliant comebacks is a loss of feeling in his hands. The cause has now been identified as the "carpal tunnel syndrome." Despite its somewhat forbidding and unfamiliar name, it has undoubtedly plagued the human race for centuries, ever since man began pounding away at various objects with his hands clenched tightly around a hammer or a club. Now, however, the condition is recognized as a disease entity and precise surgery to alleviate it has been devised. If it is caught in time, as Mayo doctors believe is the case with Venturi, recovery is usually complete.

Last January, Ken played through the chilling winds of the Crosby tournament at Pebble Beach with a hand warmer in his pocket. He was then under the care of Dr. Robert M. Woods, a Los Angeles internist and Dodgers' team physician who successfully treated Pitcher Sandy Koufax. Exploratory surgery in Venturi's right shoulder blade and left leg suggested that he had serious inflammation of the arteries, periarteritis nodosa. The prescription: lots of medicines, and rest those hands. Venturi could not play nor would he quit. He tried and failed dismally at Pensacola, Miami, Jacksonville and then in the Masters, where his 36-hole score of 157 was nine strokes above the cut.

The following week Venturi flew to



**ANATOMICAL VIEW** of the right palm shows median nerve (1), which has many branches and controls both sensation and movement in most of the hand. This nerve also appears (1) in the cross section of the wrist. It runs inside the carpal tunnel, squeezed between the transverse carpal ligament (2 in both drawings) and the bundle of tendons (3). Surgeons cut the ligament

straight across (broken line) to reduce compression of the median nerve, leaving a gap for scar tissue to fill. Invisible connections between the median nerve and nerves that are beyond voluntary control may have caused these sympathetic nerves to constrict the arteries carrying blood to the fingers, thus bringing on the cold and the blanching of which Venturi complained.

Rochester, Minn., the city of 45,000 built around the Mayo Clinic, and put himself under the care of Internist James V. Ross. A team of Mayo specialists—dermatologists, rheumatologists and vascular experts—worked over Venturi and could no longer find anything wrong with his arteries. But when the doctors tapped the inside of Venturi's wrist (near the point where your doctor takes your pulse) Ken said it felt like an electric shock. This pretty well proved the tentative diagnosis of carpal tunnel syndrome, in each wrist the median nerve (the main nerve controlling both sensation and movement in the fingers) was being squeezed where it passed through the tunnel in the carpal (wrist) joint.

Before the Mayo doctors could attempt corrective treatment, Venturi had to be weaned from one of the drugs he had been taking, a variant of cortisone. A heavy dosage of this drug and also of ACTH had, over a period of several months, produced a bad case of acne on his back, and he was getting heavy jowls. When cortisone-type hormones are stopped suddenly, a severe reaction may result. So Venturi was ordered to taper off gradually over a period of six weeks. The only medicine that Dr. Ross prescribed was a drug to relax the muscle in the walls of the small arteries in Venturi's wrists and hands and thus, hopefully, increase the blood flow to his fingers.

Dr. Ross permitted Venturi to go to Palm Springs to try to pull his golf game together during his last days on the cortisone medicine. By this time Ken's hands were somewhat better, and the medical picture was clearer. Every time he flexed his right wrist he felt that electric shock in the middle finger. The doctors wanted him to return immediately, but Venturi was determined to defend his U.S. Open title in St. Louis. After he missed the cut there, he went back to Mayo's the following Monday. He was operated on three days later, on June 24.

With his patient under a local anesthetic and talking a streak, Dr. Edward D. Henderson, an orthopedic surgeon, first operated on the left hand. He made a curved incision a little more than two

*continued*



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by  
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President

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Distillery

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Established 1899



We used to know a rather large lady down in Lexington who was a mighty big eater.

She was reputed to have once stated, "The turkey is a most unsatisfactory fowl,—too much for one, not enough for two!"

Some of our friends tell us our four-fifths bottle of famous Old Frz falls in the same category.

Too small, they say, for a sizeable gathering of friends, oft-times requiring a hurry-up delivery from the nearest package counter, or a back-door loan from a better-stocked neighbor.

Yet for a smaller group, they add, too much enjoyment remains in the bottle as a temptation to over-indulgence.

Truth of the matter, as a suitable bottle for bourbon, we've never thought much of the four-fifth quart. An alien size, it was literally foisted on American distillers years ago by the producers of British whiskey, and adopted by us in defense.

As its name four-fifth quart implies, it lacks 1/5 (6.4 oz.) of the customary American quart—a handy figure to remember for comparison of prices on your dealer's shelf. If the quart costs less than one quarter more you're probably a drink or two ahead.

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Why not try it, tonight!

Kentucky Straight Bourbon  
Bottled 100 Proof

## MEDICINE

inches long, beginning over the fleshy part of the base of the palm and extending a short distance past the outermost skin crease that shows clearly when the hand is bent inward. Dr. Henderson was not sure what he would find after this first cut, because some people have a long tendon (the palmaris longus) close beneath the skin, while others lack it. Ventura had it, and Dr. Henderson removed part of the tendon, along with a piece of palmar fascia (gristle) 1 by 1½ inches, to make sure that this could not press down on the median nerve. Then he cut deeper. In this anatomically crowded space Dr. Henderson knew exactly what he was looking for: the transverse carpal ligament (see diagram), which in Ventura's wrist was about 1¼ inches long (across the joint), 1 inch wide and ranged in thickness from 1/16 to 1/8 inch. This ligament forms the roof of the carpal tunnel. The floor consists of the small bones of the wrist, lying as close together as the pieces in a terrazzo pavement. Inside the tunnel are nine tendons, each in its own sheath, like an electric cable with insulated wires. Also passing through the tunnel is that all-important median nerve.

What had happened in Ventura's wrist was that either the tendon sheaths had swollen or the ligamentous "roof" had thickened and become tighter. Even on direct view the surgeons could not be sure which was the case. But the effect was the same: squeezing of the median nerve. Dr. Henderson could see that the nerve was unnaturally pale. He slit the ligament across its full width, and as he thus released the pressure in the tunnel, within 30 seconds he could see the nerve turn a healthy pink. He also could see the small vein that runs beside it begin to fill up. This happened again when he repeated the operation on the right hand. The surgeon closed each wound with a dozen nylon sutures.

The Mayo Clinic has no monopoly on diagnosing the carpal tunnel syndrome or on surgery to relieve it, but it has a justifiable proprietary interest in both. Mayo neurologists first assembled the symptoms that patients in different walks of life complained about and identified the activities that constituted their common denominator: repeated bending of wrist and fingers in precision tasks. Women around 50 are the most frequent victims, usually those who knit or crochet. Burly truck drivers get it. So do pianists and plumbers and men who hammer out the bumps in auto body repair shops.

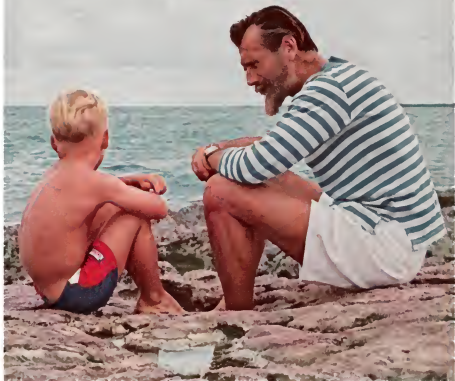
Usually compression of the nerve in the carpal tunnel causes a pins-and-needles sensation, and that electric shock on bending the wrist, with some impairment of movement. But Ventura had a complication uncommon in this condition, called Raynaud's phenomenon—cold, numbness and blanching of the hands. Presumably there was interaction between the squeezed median nerve and the sympathetic nerves controlling the blood supply to the fingers. The doctors believe that the one operation will relieve both conditions. If they are right, Ventura's fingers will tingle less and less in the next few weeks. Scar tissue will fill in the space left when Dr. Henderson severed the ligament, but it will not squeeze down as tightly as did the ligament itself. Within a month after his operation, Ventura should be able to exercise his hands. A couple of weeks after that he should be able to grip a club and swing.

Last week the Mayo doctors took out the stitches and sent Ventura home to Hillsborough, Calif., to spend the Fourth of July with his family. It was a happy holiday.

ENO



AT THE CROSSBY, Ventura examines numb and practically useless hand that caused poor play.



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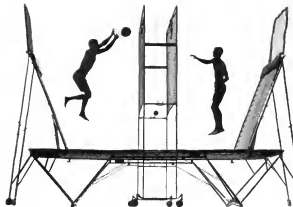
**FOUR AGILE LADIES** of an Ann Arbor, Mich. gymnasts' club, clad in red leotards, bounce off a trampoline to volley the ball through a tunnel-like basket nine feet above the base. The doughnut-shaped rings at the center are to keep track of the score. Myles J. Adler took this photograph with a fisheye lens pointed skyward during an outdoor doubles match at Grossinger's in New York.

## New bounce on the trampoline

Like astronauts in orbit, the aerial gymnasts on these pages counteract the force of gravity as they volley the ball in a fast-moving new game called Spaceball. George Nissen devised the game, a combination of volleyball and basketball played on the trampoline, to put new bounce into his trampoline business. So far he has sold 250 Spaceball courts, including one to NASA for use by U.S. spacemen. The Nissen court consists of a standard 9-by-15-foot trampoline with rebound nets and canted safety backstops at either end and a steel-framed center netting, called a gantry. To play the game, players bounce high in the air and volley the ball through a basket nine feet up in the gantry. Points are scored when an opposing player fumbles or fails to catch the ball, letting it touch the trampoline or backstop, or when the ball caroms off the rebound net into the gantry. If a rebound attempt is intercepted, the server loses a point. A game is seven points; a set, two out of three games. Faking tactics are the key to winning the game, and an experienced player will time his bounce up to serve the ball when his opponent is off-balance or on the way down, unable to field the ball. To get the jump on his opponent he uses the backstop to delay his bounce or as a springboard to gain height and speed. Designed for use in schools, clubs and gyms, a Spaceball court costs \$1,800.



**INTERCEPTING** a rebound shot by Glee Berree of Arlington, Va., Pat Winkle of London, England (at left) scores a point in singles play during a Sarasota, Fla., tournament.



**BOUNCING OFF** the backstop helps Winkle (at left) time his leap forward into position to counter a scoring attempt by Berree during a volley high above the Spaceball court.

## Conversation-starved killer in a salmon net

Accidentally trapped on the coast of British Columbia, a 22-foot killer whale may change the evil reputation of the species if it continues to play like a porpoise, talk to humans and enjoy its unprecedented captivity

At this time of the year, on the wild and rocky coast of northwestern British Columbia, the salmon are running and fishermen and killer whales are after them. One of the fishermen is William Lechkobit, an enterprising and tenacious 28-year-old veteran of these lonely waters, who operates the fishing boat *Beauty Hunter*. One of the killer whales is a handsome 22-foot specimen weighing about 9,000 pounds that was caught in Lechkobit's net, and last week the whale and the fisherman kept the entire Pacific Northwest enthralled with the most dramatic marine show in its history.

In threatening weather on the evening of June 22 Lechkobit was gillnetting alone near a spit of rocks in Fitzhugh

Sound, which is a long narrow body of icy water formed where the Bella Coola River comes down from the mountains of the coastal range. The killer whales were driving their prey into shallow water. Shortly before dark Lechkobit was caught in a gale. In the mountainous seas his net, worth \$1,000, snagged on a reef. He left it there and battled his way into the tiny fish-canning settlement of Namu. During the night the killer pack came prowling through the waves, and one of the whales, a small one, became entangled in the net.

On Wednesday morning, June 23, one of Lechkobit's friends, Robert McGarvey, chugged by in his fishing boat, *Cape Suw*, to check Lechkobit's net. By this time it was looped around the reef, with

the young killer whale trapped inside. While McGarvey watched, an adult killer whale slipped through an opening in the net, apparently trying to help the young whale. It would not budge. The big whale left. It returned a few minutes later, and at this point heavy seas shifted the net, completely trapping both whales.

McGarvey reached Lechkobit on his radio, and with the help of another fisherman they laid down two more \$1,000 nets and cinched and secured them, hemming in the whales against any shift in the tide. Immediately after the whales were thus trapped, a pod of killers appeared and swam around the imprisoned pair, apparently bent on rescue. It is circumstances such as these that lead people to say the killer whale is, next to man, the most intelligent of mammals. Like dolphins, killer whales are able to talk to each other. They use high-frequency wavelengths that are inaudible to human beings. How far these signals carry is not known. It is possible a killer whale trapped in a harbor can communicate with other killer whales cruising outside. Scientists have not been able to do much work in this field, however, because no one has ever managed to capture and keep a killer whale that could be studied. "The most interesting and wonderful of all creatures," the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* noted long ago, "is far removed from close observation."

Last year a killer whale was harpooned near Vancouver, B.C., lived and was imprisoned in a drydock. Because it was small it was believed to be a female—male killers reach 30 feet in length, females only 15—and was nicknamed Moby Doll. The number of people who came to see the whale and the experiments of scientists, who played recordings of killer-whale-pack sounds to the captive, made many Northwesterners aware of how rare and valuable an imprisoned killer whale might be. Its

continued

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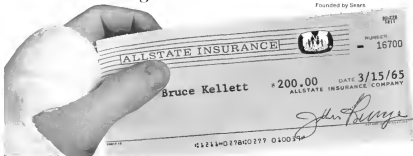
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value became even more evident when Moby Doll, which finally turned out to be a male, died after 87 days in captivity. Lechkobit and McGarvey knew that they had a valuable marine specimen in their nets and that an unusual and interesting ethnological demonstration was going on in the behavior of the pack of killer whales swimming around it.

The question was: How could they profit from the accidental capture? They hurried to Namu and put in telephone calls to marine authorities up and down the coast, offering two killer whales for sale for \$50,000. However, anyone who has ever tried to use the marine telephone communication among the islands of British Columbia will see the impracticality of their efforts, since the system is as mysterious as the high-frequency speech of whales and dolphins. So it was that Lechkobit and McGarvey found no takers when they offered to sell the whales for \$50,000 on a wherever and whatever basis.

The Vancouver Aquarium and the Undersea Gardens of Victoria made a joint offer of \$3,000 cash and \$6,000 on safe arrival. The reluctance did not spring from a lack of scientific enthusiasm. In order to understand the problem one

must realize that the town of Namu has only 150 people in it during the peak season and that the nearby country has scarcely changed since Sir Alexander Mackenzie, the first man to cross North America, reached this point in 1793. It is still largely uninhabited, largely unmapped; the mountains are unclimbed and unnamed and the coast is dotted with such place names as Terror Point, Wreck Island and Grief Point. There would plainly be no accommodations for captured whales in that area, or the means for building cages for them. There was at least a chance the whales would get away before a buyer could take possession, or that they would be lost or injured while being transported to an aquarium.

There is, however, a young scientist in Seattle named Edward Griffin, the head of the Seattle Marine Aquarium, who for the past year has been distributing cards among fishermen, giving his telephone number and asking anyone who sights a killer whale to call him collect. When the fishermen in Namu finally reached Griffin the top offer he could make was \$8,000. It was now Friday, and potential buyers in airplanes were buzzing the area around Namu.

The killer pod was still buzzing the imprisoned whales. Lechkobit and McGarvey were becoming irritated. For one thing, their captives were eating salmon faster than they could catch them. More serious was their fear of losing \$3,000 worth of nets. They half decided to cut the nets and let the whales go. But at this juncture, the young whale escaped. It simply splashed through an opening in the net and rejoined the pod outside.

Since they now had only one whale for sale, Lechkobit and McGarvey accepted Griffin's offer of \$8,000 for the remaining monster, with a \$500 down payment. But by this time the banks had closed for the weekend. Driving wildly around Seattle, Griffin tried to raise the money from friends, saying he needed it at once to buy a killer whale. He managed to get a dollar here and there, an occasional tolerant \$10 or even \$20, until at last he accumulated \$500 and in a chartered bush plane got to the scene.

Lechkobit and McGarvey were now terribly anxious to get rid of their prize. It was eating nearly 250 pounds of salmon a day, worth 40 cents a pound. So an agreement was reached, and Griffin flew back to Seattle to resume money-raising. Gathering up the remaining \$7,500 in small bills—ones, fives and 10s—he again flew 500 miles north with his suitcase of money. At 8 o'clock on Monday morning, five days after the first capture, the deal was concluded on a rocky ledge, only a few yards from where the killer whale was frolicking playfully in its enclosure of gill nets.

Griffin believes that killer whales, like porpoises, are really fond of people. In this he is opposed by Eskimos and Indians, who think a killer whale will attack anything in the water, and by the weight of natural history and folklore. It has been generally held that killer whales are faster, more voracious and deadlier than sharks—"the most terrible flesh-eating creature on our planet," one authority wrote. They hunt in packs, circling their prey the way wolves run deer, sometimes in small packs of three or four, sometimes as many as 30 or 40. Except for man, the killer whale is the worst enemy of other whales. Attacking in short bursts of terrific speed, a killer whale fastens on the tongue or lip of a huge right whale or sperm whale, and these immense creatures, completely defenseless, are eaten alive by the rest of



FISHERMEN LECHKOBIT AND MCGARVEY WERE GLAD TO GET RID OF THEIR OOD CATCH

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the pack. In the Arctic killer whales have been known to smash through ice floes to dislodge the seals resting there. Found in all oceans, they feed on whales, seals, salmon and occasionally on seabirds, and one authority says it is only by accident that man has not been added to the list.

Disregarding the possible danger, Homer Snow, Griffin's assistant and a professional seal trainer, went to Namsu, spread his sleeping bag on the rocks, hand-fed the whale with fresh-caught salmon and began to talk with it in a 24-hour vigil. To attract its attention, he rang a small handbell. Then he began tooting cheerily on a whistle. The whale occasionally snorted and grunted. "He's very bubbly and friendly," Snow said. "I think he is beginning to realize that we are his friends. He even talks to me."

On Sunday, July 4, two weeks after its capture, the whale was still friendly. And still talking. The 30-foot tug *Robert E. Lee*, owned by a Seattle disc jockey who donated it for the purpose, was headed for Namsu with workmen assigned to build a 40-by-60 foot floating steel-meshed pen in which the whale could be towed back to Seattle. The U.S. Coast Guard was flying steel tubing to the scene. Everybody concerned agreed that the 460-mile journey was likely to be difficult and certain to be an adventure. Only Edward Griffin had no misgivings about his purchase.

"You can communicate with killer whales," he said. "They have more brains than porpoises. Killers are the smartest things that swim. This whale will be very valuable for research projects. We'll tape his vocabulary."

Asked about getting the whale to Seattle, he said, "Why, Homer is talking to him now, explaining that everything is going to be O.K. There are five men on duty up there now, and they've all heard him talk."

The adventure of this loquacious mammal may end by revising natural history and giving killer whales a new reputation. It also may end with the killer whale rejoining its companions, since the pod has remained nearby. During the first two weeks of captivity, at least, the whale had plainly thrived and enjoyed an experience no other killer had ever had before. After all, no other killer whale had ever been captured uninjured by man—and then been supported at \$100 a day, modified American plan. **END**



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there was Maren Seidler, an Atlanta girl of 14. With the same four-kilo shot her mother used at Brooklyn College in the late 1940s, Maren finished fifth in the women's division with a put of 41 feet  $\frac{1}{4}$  inches, a phenomenal distance for her age. Denise Paschal, 16, of the Laurel Track Club in San Francisco, scored 24 points for a first, a second and a third in girls' events and nine more points in three women's events.

The meet also produced one moment of nostalgia. Stanisława Walasiewiczówna, 53, who gained the everlasting gratitude of track-meet announcers many years ago by changing her name to Stella Walsh, walked happily through the swirl of stopwatch-toting officials and sweat-soaked ingenuos to the discus circle. Entered as Mrs. Stella Walsh-Olson of

Cleveland, 1932 U.S. Olympic champion, holder of 65 world and national records, she was going to compete against the kids. Although she looked broad-shouldered and powerful enough to put on a juggling act with 16-pound shots, she knew she had no chance to win her 42nd National AAU title. She did not place, but she will be going to Europe anyhow. She flies to her native Poland later this month for the dedication of an athletic center named in her honor. Since it is in Warsaw and not Cleveland, the name chipped in stone will be Walasiewiczówna.

"When I see all these wonderful facilities available to the girls, and the understanding, I wish they had it in our day," she said. "I guess I was just born 30 years too soon."

END



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# TO PARAJISO WITH PAPA AND 'PILAR'

BY MARY HEMINGWAY

*Six days of bad luck on New Zealand marlin inspire the author to reminisce of the more productive and zestful fishing trips with Ernest to a very special little island in the Caribbean*

You haven't lived the full 360 degrees," Ernest said to me in the spring of 1945, "until you've hooked a marlin and played him and brought him in." The phrase became one tenet of my assorted faiths before that year elapsed.

"You haven't really fished for marlin," the New Zealand Tourist Office people said this year in New York, "until you've fished out of our Bay of Islands." Why not? Late-ly I had fished with delight and success in the Caribbean off Little Cayman Island and in the rolling Atlantic off Virgin Gorda Island. A few weeks and some 12,000 miles later I paddled in my tennis shoes from the comfortable new hotel at Waitangi, Bay of Islands, New Zealand, along a path shaded by casuarina trees to the hotel's dock, a city block away. Waiting there in his launch, *Avalon*, was Captain Leslie Tautari Blomfield with a friend, Noel Harris, secretary and treasurer of the Bay of Islands Swordfish Club, of which I promptly became a member.

The Bay of Islands, with its empty golden beaches, its diverse topography and its rich shoreline vegetation, was quite unlike any fishing waters I had before encountered, and *Avalon's* neat and shipshape afterdeck seemed small after so many years of fishing from the spacious stern of *Pilar*, Ernest's boat and our happiest home of all. But there, waiting for action by *Avalon's* fishing chairs, were an ancient aluminum Hardy reel, full of 80-pound-test line, very like the one we had used for trolling deep, and a shiny Penn Senator 12'0" reel carrying 130-pound-test line, both on sturdy rods, and I felt instantly at home.

It was a bright, cheerful morning, sweet with the scent of flowering gorse, a WNW wind pushing wisps of high cirrus clouds across the sky and ruffling the turquoise surface of the bay and the immense fronds of tree ferns, so tall I kept mistaking them for palms, along the shore. "A good wind for fish here," Les said, and although I thought it must be too cool for marlin to feed near the surface we chuffed down the bay, looking for schools of bait in the haze of hope which is the climate of every fisherman's mornings. Only the day before, the 16 launches that are available for charter from the village of Russell on the bay had taken eight striped marlin, two mako sharks and a 302-pound swordfish.

Going marlin fishing, I was accustomed to seeing the bait in its box, already prepared with the hooks sewed in and the leader ready to attach to the line. At the Bay of Islands the captains catch their bait on their journey to the open sea, logically, since the bay teems with schools of bait. I was enjoying the ragged coastline and many-shaped islands and noting with approval that *Avalon*, built in Auckland in 1927, the same model boat with a 50-horsepower Morris diesel engine as that in which Zane Grey had fished, was making very little vibration in the water.

*continued*

Suddenly ahead of us birds were diving and the water roiling and boiling with jumping fish. It was a three-acre school of pichards on which black-capped terns, gannets and shearwaters were feeding. The silvery little fish had been driven up to the surface by a school of kahawai, a small-mouthed, iridescent benthic described by various authorities as a species of sea trout, also sea perch, also Australian salmon. I had never seen one before.

Since we wanted kahawai for marlin bait, Les and Noel Harris put out handlines with paravanes attached, and while other launches came racing in from all over the bay I trolled a small Japanese feather from a little Ocean City 908 reel and brought in a couple of three-to-four-pounders. These fish on my light tackle were as strong and as much fun as a hard-pulling amberjack twice the size. With four of them flopping about in the live-bait well in *Atafu's* stern, we headed out to sea, our faith as bright as the sunshine on the choppy surface.

"The blue water used to come right in here," Les said as we left the mouth of the bay. "Used to take fish right off Ninipon." It is a great brown cone of rock jutting up from the sea beyond the northern peninsula enclosing the bay. "Used to have acres of fish, big stuff, right here. Schools of sharks thick as herring. Now the good water's well out. Nobody seems to know why."

Ernest and I had fished for marlin in the navy-blue Gulf Stream, which curls and eddies through the Caribbean off Cuba's north coast. We had fished for the 1,000-pound Pacific black marlin in the cold Humboldt Current that sweeps past Cabo Blanco, Peru, propelled by a cold wind that blows, its fetch unimpeded, straight from the South Pole to the Equator. We had fished in the swirling currents of the Indian Ocean between East Africa and Zanzibar for the sailfish that abound there. I had never known before that the great pelagic fish such as marlin would cruise and live in seas without noticeable currents. My maps showed

that tendrils of the Pacific Southern Ocean Current broke away and moved along both the east and west coasts of New Zealand, subsiding as they approached the stronger east-west currents near the Equator. But these tendrils have no name, no identity, nor any history. "We've a deal to learn about them yet," Noel said. "But I understand that the government is going to begin a study, both of the currents and of the fish."

About six miles offshore we saw a school of Arctic bonito and headed for them while Les rigged a rod and reel slightly larger than the one with which I'd caught the kahawai. We got into the school and I brought aboard one fish before our shadow or their whim sent them down from the surface. We saw a hammerhead shark, and I asked Les to maneuver away from him. They are not a sporting fish in my book. Brought aboard, they smell horrible. They are ugly. They do not jump, they simply pull so hard you think they will tug your arms out of your shoulder sockets. I might as well have played the shark for the exercise, then cut him off at the boat. We cruised the fine blue water, watching the birds, watching the smiling porpoises loop above the surface, their square air-muske hatches automatically opening and closing as they flirted with the boat, diving under her prow, their dorsal fins just missing her keel.

Like human lighthouses all three of us kept our heads turning, hunting the slim black scythe of a marlin tail slicing through the water. We found nothing. Nearly 10 hours after we had gone out, Les Blomfield, wise and darling dean of the Bay of Islands fishermen, one-quarter Maori and 40 years a professional guide, said, back at the dock, "Better luck tomorrow."

In the noisy, cheerful bar of the hotel that evening I noticed a tinted photograph on the wall. It was Zane Grey standing beside a striped marlin he had caught in 1926, the fish, three times as heavy as Mr. Grey, hanging from the bough of a tree, its estimated weight 450 pounds. There stands Mr. Grey looking at the camera, with his great fish, and his rod and reel in his hand. The expression on his face is zero. No curve of mouth or muscle indicates pleasure, triumph, satisfaction, even amiability. Neither is there any sign of fatigue, animosity or boredom. In spite of his records and his best-selling books, he must have been a strange fisherman.

In all, I fished intensely six days out of the Bay of Islands and found no marlin to tear my line out zing, zing, zing. I flew down to red-roofed Auckland, embraced on three sides by azure sea, and the following afternoon, deep-trotting for trout with friends at Lake Okatana, I hauled in a 4½-pound rainbow and a 3-pounder. Meanwhile a telegram arrived from Les and Nora Blomfield: "*Atafu* landed two marlin today. Everyone here sorry you were not the angler. . . . Hope to see you again next year." It was sweet of them, but just then I felt about the marlin off the Bay of Islands much as Zane Grey looked in his photograph.

My old diaries indicate that Ernest and I seldom if ever



*Sailing porpoises leaped above the surface, flirting with the boat.*

fished six days in the Gulf Stream off Cuba without bringing in anything. In the Hemingway Trophy Marlin Tournament of 1960 we fished aboard *Pilar* two days without boating a marlin while we watched Fidel Castro in another launch bring to the gaff four or five fish, each hooked and brought in properly according to the rules of the International Game Fishing Association. No practiced fisherman, the Prime Minister won the tournament. It was unusual luck both for him and for us.

More than any of his other possessions, his guns, pictures, books or our Finca Vigia outside Havana, Ernest cherished his black-hulled, green-decked fishing machine, *Pilar*. By 1934, when he felt he could afford to order her built by the Wheeler brothers in Brooklyn, he had fished enough off Bimini, Key West and Havana to know precisely what he wanted in his boat. She had to be sturdier than most craft both below and above the waterline. *Pilar*, with close-set ribs of steam-bent white oak, 1½ inches by 1½ inches, was as solid as Mt. Everest. She had a flying bridge high enough for seeing fish in a quarter-mile radius and spacious enough to hold half a dozen friends. *Pilar's* bridge was as big as a Hollywood bed—and sometimes became one with our big air mattress inflated—and the lower deck had seven-foot headroom.

*Pilar* carried two small boxes for old-fashioned 50-pound blocks of ice, one in the galley and one on the afterdeck behind Ernest's bed. She also had a cork-and-zinc-lined hole below the afterdeck that held a ton of ice, an essential for two-week cruises. Being 38 feet long with a 12-foot beam and drawing 3½ feet of water, she had space and was maneuverable. With the canvas curtains—which took the place of glass windows in the afterdeck—rolled up, *Pilar* was cool on the hottest days in the subtropical waters where she lived. Her propeller was powered by a Chrysler Marine 110-horsepower engine and a small Universal 35-horsepower auxiliary engine, which gave her strength enough to hold her way against the heaviest seas. She had no ship-to-shore telephone. Whenever we left harbor, we moved into our own private world, isolated and self-reliant.

When Ernest first introduced me to *Pilar* in 1945, she was already seasoned. Loaded with radio and sound-detection gear and high explosives, she had served as a Q-ship in World War II, hunting German submarines that were torpedoing Allied tankers off Cuba and along the U.S. East Coast. Disguised as a sporting expedition, she cruised the Gulf Stream and the islands off Cuba's north coast a month at a time in every kind of weather for about a year and a half. With Gregorio Fuentes, *Pilar's* mate and our respected friend, aboard, she rode out without damage the vicious hurricane of the fall of 1944 which put half the Cuban navy and merchant and private shipping into the streets of Havana or on the bottom of Havana harbor. She was still in her prime when I climbed aboard her in the harbor of Cojimar, the first harbor east of Havana.

We had a light *brisa*, the northeast tradeswind which



*No care of mouth or muscle indicates Zane Grey's joy or triumph.*

crosses the Atlantic to temper Cuba's warmth, that day in May 1945, the wind sweet with the perfume of the flowers of sea grapes on the eastward islands. The sun in Cuba's cobalt sky scattered the sea with sequins and *Pilar* made herself a shining ephemeral necklace each time her sleek black prow cut into a wave. Ernest showed me his rods and reels—precious and irreplaceable because of the war—butt rests and baits. Having zigzagged the Gulf Stream all morning, we pulled into Bacuranao, a snug, small bay with an empty golden beach, to anchor and swim and read and lunch on Gregorio's glorious tuna, simmered with sea water and herbs. From his little radio ebullient Cuban tangos and rumbas emerged softly. I had been born and brought up on the lakes and rivers of northern Minnesota and considered the slap of water against a hull among the sweetest sounds of the outdoors. That afternoon, lolling in the shade of *Pilar's* afterdeck, I felt, after gray years of blizz in London and a frozen winter in France, that I had returned to the remembered paradise of childhood summers.

My comfortable euphoria lasted a couple of hours. When a smallish white marlin took one of our baits as we trolled homewards that afternoon, Ernest urged me into the chair to bring in the fish. With Gregorio handling the boat, Ernest swung the chair for me, keeping the rod pointed at the fish, and I pulled up slowly and reeled fast on the lowering rod, possibly no more awkward than any greenhorn.

*continued*

The marlin was a stouthearted, marvelous fish. He jumped and tail-walked as I had never seen a fish do before, and I watched his wonderful acrobatic performance more than my own business. When we got him to the boat and Ernest was reaching for the gaff, the fish swam under us. Snap went the rod, only a foot above the reel. Then snap went the line, without the rod to support it. Mere high school geometry should have told me that I must stand up and let the rod, the old, laminated wooden rod, go horizontal to the sea to prevent its breaking. Knowing I could not buy a replacement, I sobbed in fury and frustration. That was the first and last rod I broke.

From April 1932 until the fall of 1935 Ernest fished for marlin off Cuba and in 280 days took 101 fish. His greatest day was May 20, 1933 when, fishing by himself with Joe Russell, his boatman from Key West, he caught seven white marlin and saw 26 fish. He was learning about marlin and how to fish for them. In 1935 he wrote,

"Off Cuba the marlin travel from east to west against the current of the Gulf Stream. No one has ever seen them working in the other direction, although the current of the Gulf Stream is not stable; sometimes, just before the new moon, it is quite slack, and at others it has a westerly set as far as 40 miles out from Havana. You will sometimes see marlin circling on the surface when they are feeding or when they are breeding, but you never see them traveling other than to the westward . . . They never feed as well as

when there is a heavy current to the eastward and a fresh east or northeast breeze. At such time they come to the top and cruise with the wind, scythe tails, a light, steely lavender, cutting the swells; the big fish, yellow looking in the water, swimming two or three feet under the surface, the huge pectoral fins tucked close to the flanks, the dorsal fin down, the fish looking a round, fast-moving log in the water except for the erect curve of that slicing tail."

Week by week, season by season, I learned something of the Gulf Stream, of its pelagic fish and its myriad other inhabitants, the coral reefs, the sea birds. I learned to wait for the small brave white marlin to come through in March, April and May, followed later in the summer—by immigrating tribes of the big, hard-pulling blue marlin. The commercial fishermen used to take them weighing up to 1,000 pounds off Cuba, but the biggest Ernest ever took while he still weighed his catches was 466 pounds. (When Ernest was appointed a vice-president of the International Game Fishing Association in August 1940, he renounced the world records he held, including one for tuna off Bimini. So we seldom weighed our fish except during tournaments, one of which my little open-cockpit launch, the *Tai Kif*, won with a 100-pound white marlin one year.)

I learned to see fish below the surface, although never so well as Gregorio; to enjoy how swiftly the splendid blue, green and gold dolphin would turn a 90° angle from their course and race to our bows or the Japanese feather; to feel, with the rod in my butt rest, when a marlin took a bait in his mouth and rushed off with it, and to let him have the bait well in his mouth, my line singing out, before I screwed down the brake and struck four or five times, to set the hook firmly in the leather-hard lining of his mouth. Early on I learned, as we troiled eastward from Cojimar, to look on the east horizon for the tiny white triangles of sails which meant that our commercial-fishermen friends were heading home, their sails set abeam, their skulls propelled by the *brisa*. As we passed, they gestured the news. Arms out, palms prone—no luck. Arms out, palms up—plenty of fish, and we could see how many they had taken if they didn't signal. Arms waving and pointing—they had seen *ayowá* (marlin) cruising up ahead of us. We usually had drinks with a few of them at Cojimar's chief cafe, La Teresa, when we came ashore in the evenings and they had cleaned their day's catches and stowed them aboard the ice truck for the Havana fish market.

The great charm of the Gulf Stream was its large and diverse population. If we saw no marlin, we might see snailfish or the marlin's cousin, the wahoo, which has a marlin's shape without the beak and is perhaps the best eating fish in any sea. We had the ubiquitous barracuda, three or four species of bonito, half a dozen species of sharks, including the indolent 20-foot-long whale sharks, turtles, whales sometimes, beautiful dolphin, cheerful porpoise, schools of red snapper in the spring, runners, jacks, manta rays a yard wide, flying fish which never failed to delight



Ernest cherished his black-balled, green-skinned fishing machine

Ernest when they soared away from our bows. Once when we saw the tiniest one scout out from under us, he said, "Like a raindrop."

In summer we had cumulus clouds in the high sky to identify as poodle dogs or George Bernard Shaw or Ophelia, her hair streaming in the wind, or black-browed John L. Lewis. Always we had the pleasure of anticipating action, and sometimes the action went suddenly wild, as on the day when, just the two of us with Gregorio trolling a bait on each outrigger and a feather each on two other rods stuck in holders astern, we had fish simultaneously strike all four lures. They were three marlin and a sailfish. Gregorio put the motor in neutral and we all jumped for the rods, Ernest grabbing one rod in each hand and Gregorio and I the others. Those fish raced back and forth all over the ocean, tangling and snagging our lines so that we were busier handling rods over and under each other than we were regaining line. In the busiest half hour we ever had, we managed to boat three of the fish. One of the marlin, momentarily on a slack line, threw the hook and dashed away.

As the air service from New York to Miami grew easier and faster, my delight in fishing the Gulf Stream dimmed. Almost always, when Ernest felt entitled to take a day off from work, we had boat guests. No matter how little they knew or cared about fishing, boat guests, we felt, had to be given the first chance to bring in whatever struck our baits, unless it was so big they could not handle it. I had a reel in my hands much less often than I should have liked, and instead spent most of my time climbing up and down the port superstructure, handing drinks and snacks up to the flying bridge. But then we began to take spring vacations at a tiny six-palm and six-pine island 90 miles west of Havana, which Ernest named Parajiso.

The island's proper name is Megano de Casigua and it rises a few feet above a 20-mile reef that stretches into the Gulf Stream east and west of the island. When we had taken *Pilar* through a narrow gap in the reef she had safe anchorage, no matter how the winds changed or the sea hurled itself against the coral.

Taking off from Havana harbor usually about midnight after an evening on the town, we would take turns steering by compass under the stars, my little boat, *Tin Kid*, 20 feet overall, bobbing along light as a leaf, in convoy, with Gregorio's helper, Felipe, steering her. By luncheon, unless we had exceptionally good fishing on the voyage, we would be anchored behind Parajiso, our window canvases stretched outwards and propped up with sticks for extra shade on the afterdeck, and we would begin what I came to consider the inner core and very best of our private life.

We always took along quantities of books and magazines. We had the sea and the wind, constantly changing and interesting in those weeks of the *Quinquemas* (predomi-

nating southerly wind) in early spring. We had the sky, 180 degrees of it, cut off only by La Mulata mountain inshore, so that I had plenty of space for studying my astronomy charts from the dark flying bridge after sunset. We had the island, with its small swamp where land birds nested and its white crescent of beach alive with shore birds, starfish, various crabs and shells. We walked and shelled and swam there in the crystal water. Every morning we fished the reefs in *Tin Kid*, using very light tackle, and brought in a wondrous variety of creatures. (One year I logged 28 different species of fish.) Ernest offered such a variety of prizes for our individual catches that each of us won something.

Aboard *Pilar* at Parajiso on March 21, 1952, I wrote in my diary, "We were considering this morning the qualities of this place as a fishing resort and Papa says he knows of no place better in or near the U.S. Five minutes outside the reef we have marlin, sailfish, wahoo, schools of bonito and other treasures of the Gulf Stream. On the reefs we have now fished 20 days, have never failed to take something. One day we took 19 fish, one day 16, one day 14, two days 12, on the average day bringing in six or eight fish in two or three hours of fishing." After we had chosen what we wanted to eat ourselves, Gregorio used to stow our catches in our giant ice chest below decks, and occasionally take a load of fish in *Tin Kid* to sell at La Mulata, a coastal village six or seven miles away.

In March of 1953 we left Havana at 2:30 a.m. after a gay evening in town. The following day I wrote, "We ate supper about 4:30 yesterday afternoon and half an hour later were asleep here on the afterdeck. I woke about 1 a.m., drank an icy cold beer, found Sirius and Orion and the Twins and Canis Minor blazing in the sky, and eight different shades of gray and silver in the sea, the island and the sky. Papa woke and listened with me to a high whining sound that came from the sky.

M.: Doesn't it sound like a flying saucer?

E.: Madam, I have never heard a flying saucer.

He guessed it must be the combined noises of the three sugar mills in this area, all grinding cane at this time of year.

That afternoon we fished the west reef in *Tin Kid* and I got a yellowtail, one of my favorite eating fish, 15 minutes after we shoved off from *Pilar*. "The ocean and the reefs are full of everything," I wrote that night. "A big manta ray, several hawkbill turtles, schools of needlefish, great marlin bait. Papa caught three barracudas and one very big horse-eyed jack. He also got two yellowtail and I got two red snapper. Score: Papa 2 eating fish, M. 3."

The next morning we left *Pilar* at 8:30 and fished the east reef and over a Spanish galleon wrecked there and sunk three or four centuries ago. Later I wrote, "I got a *pintado* [Cuban Spanish for cero mackerel] seven minutes after we got under way and three yellowtail. Papa got a red snapper and 6 yellowtail. Score: Papa 9 eating fish, M. 7." That

*continued*

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## PARAJISO *continued*

afternoon, with a cool north wind blowing. I went out with Gregorio, who, handling the little rod skillfully, caught a 20-pound black grouper. I caught a red grouper, a biggish speckled hind and three yellowtail, boosting my score to 12 edible fish. When we climbed back aboard *Pilar*, I muttering about being wet, cold and hungry, Ernest offered me one of his favorite phrases, "A wet butt and an empty gut—fisherman's luck."

On March 28 that year, I took 11 fish and Ernest eight, and our personal scores had risen to 28 edible fish for Ernest and 36 for me. It is not surprising that I wrote in my diary, "Here in *Pilar* now before lunch, it is charming. Papa made martinis, the radio is playing waltzes, Gregorio is cooking something with wonderful smells (grouper and rice), we have plenty of shade with the breeze cool from due north plus one degree. Sun hot. Papa noticed a picture of George Gallup, the poll man, and said, "If Mr. Gallup took a poll here, he'd find Miss Mary the most popular woman in the world." The next morning, Palm Sunday, I kept slipping off *Tin Kid's* bait box in spite of bracing myself and said it must be good for our insides, shaking us up like riding a horse. Ernest said, "Not so much like riding a horse as being strapped to a packhorse."

My luck was spectacular that morning, I taking six handsome and distinguished fish and Ernest getting not one serious strike. As we chuffed back toward *Pilar*, he said, pretending to be plaintive, "You wouldn't mind, I hope, if I took one small yellowtail?"

Unexpectedly, we had to terminate that holiday after only nine days, with Ernest's fish score at 53 and mine at 64. We decided to leave Parajiso after lunch and made good use of the morning. "Felipe rowed us to the east beach of the island," I wrote, "and we had a lovely morning there in the sun, Papa whistling at the Wilson plover and then talking to one of the males who accompanied him on a long walk along the beach. We made friends with a little colony of sanderlings who, like the plovers, run along the water's edge hunting for snacks—sand fleas. We heard a male plover singing his mating call, much more musical than the regular short, sharp cry and later we saw two males and a female gaily playing tag along the lowest ruffle of sand next to the water."

"Papa found a little bower of sea grapes and read there in the shade, and a black-crested crane flew over him. I shelled and found a good piece of driftwood which we're bringing home. Then we swam in the sunny water and saw a

*continued*



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## PARAJISO *continued*

big school of needlefish, so pretty with their long lower beaks tipped with red, their backs bright green and the lower edge of their tail fins gold."

Watching the boats skip from our outrigger lines on the way home, we amused ourselves on the flying bridge with our customary games. We interviewed my childhood friend, Chief Kaukaukan, 20 years dead, of the Chippewa Indians at Leech Lake, Minnesota. Ernest speaking for him in a cacophony of ugs and grunts. We interviewed Sarah Bernhardt and it turned out she didn't like fishing or boats. "Beaucoup trop d'eau." We reeled in a few bonito and dolphin and added a few more verses to our endless collection honoring our hero, The Snickity Snice. Samples:

*General George Armstrong Custer  
And the Seventh Cavalry  
Didn't kill as many Indians  
As The Snickity Snice.*

*Honest Mister Papa  
And The Old Man and the Sea  
Were given worse ratings  
By The Snickity Snice.*

In Havana we went to the Florida Bar for frozen daquiris before going home. "Looking brown but not very chic," I wrote then, "and feeling unfamiliar with the city noises."

A few weeks later we went back to the island and the reefs to extend our holiday to a decent size.

On May 4, after a wild day of fishing full of doubleheaders and lost tackle, I wrote of the previous evening, "We were reading and half-listening to the evening news from Miami, waiting for the weather report, when we heard that Papa had won the Pulitzer Prize for Literature this year. We celebrated the prize by eating a piece of cheese each, after our supper of oxtail soup. He is happy to have the news here without fuss and telephonings and oversized compliments."

After Ernest died in 1961 I left Pilar in Cuba. She was an elderly lady, crotchety and expensive to maintain with the attention to which she was accustomed. I wish we were aboard her tonight going to Parajiso.

END





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# BASEBALL'S WEEK

by MARK MULVOY

## NATIONAL LEAGUE

PHILADELPHIA (5-2) cooled off after pregame needling led to a fight on the field during batting practice between Third Baseman Richie Allen and handyman Frank Thomas. Allen threw a punch, Thomas came back with a bat to the shoulder, six players pulled them apart and the Phils lost two in a row. Thomas hit a pinch home run that night, but Allen was leading the league in hitting; Thomas was released on waivers immediately after the game. Lou Brock of St. Louis (5-2) kept asking: "Will the real Cardinals please stand up?" They finally did and won five straight, including three over the Mets. For the year, St. Louis was 18-4 over New York and Pittsburgh, 20-37 against the rest of the league. St. Louis Manager Red Schoendienst, who earlier said the Braves should win, declared that PITTSBURGH (4-4) "has enough speed, power and good pitching to win the pennant." The Pirates' Don Cardwell won his sixth straight, but Vernon Law lost two in a row. All-Star Left Fielder Willie Stargell hit his 21st homer. Coach Hal Smith, who retired as a player after a 1961 heart attack, was reactivated as a catcher when Jim Pugharoni, Del Crandall and Ozzie Virgil were injured. Smith dropped "Get Well Quick" cards into their lockers. Eddie Kraneppol's three home runs and Gary Krol's 9½ innings of harmless relief helped NEW YORK (4-4): Warren Spahn lost his seventh straight. CINCINNATI (4-3) started to run more. Don Landrum stole four bases and the Cubs had three double steals. Larry Jackson flashed his 1964 form, pitched and won two complete games. Rookie Second Baseman Joe Morgan hit three home runs for HOUSTON

(3-2). Juan Marchal of SAN FRANCISCO (3-3) shut out both the Dodgers and the Cubs. Willie Mays—bothered by a muscle pull—played right field for the first time in his career. MILWAUKEE (2-6) slumped to sixth as Bobby Bragan used 25 pitchers. "We couldn't beat our Austin farm club," mourned Bobby. LOS ANGELES (3-5) maintained a one-game lead only because CINCINNATI (3-5) matched the Dodgers loss for loss. Sandy Koufax saved them with two victories (3-4 for the season), as Don Drysdale lost his fifth straight. The Reds' hitting was overwhelming (almost 50 runs better than the next best team), but their pitching was spotty.

Midseason pennant odds, Reds 6-5, Dodgers 8-5, Giants 5-2, Braves 4-1, Pirates 6-1, Phillies 8-1.

## AMERICAN LEAGUE

Birdie Tebbets of CLEVELAND (5-2) remained unusually quiet last spring when rival managers ignored the Indians in their discussions of the pennant race. Last week, as Cleveland moved to the top of the league, Tebbets said sardonically, "Not one of them mentioned Cleveland. And not one has said anything yet." But after winning 19 of 23 games, the Indians were tied with Minnesota and were three full games ahead of third-place Chicago. Max Alvis, bedridden with spinal meningitis a year ago, led the club into first place on Tuesday with three hits, including a home run, had eight hits in 16 at bats over a four-game stretch and, for the season, was hitting .282 with 14 home runs and 40 RBIs. Baltimore's Brooks Robinson (.298, 5 HRs, 24 RBIs), the American League's All-Star third baseman, said, "I figured I had a chance for the second team, but I never thought I'd beat out Alvis."

For the Indians, Alvis seems to be the indispensable man: when he was in the lineup last season they were 13 games over .500, when he was hospitalized they lost 25 out of 36. Manager Sam Mele of MINNESOTA (4-2) platooned with great success as the Twins fought the Indians for the lead. Part-time First Baseman Don Mincher hit two home runs against Kansas City, part-time Outfielder Sandy Valdespino saved one win with a great catch and part-time Third Baseman Harmon Killebrew and Joe Mauer fielded flawlessly and contributed key hits. The Twins were 8-4 in extra-inning games. Last year they lost 13 of 20. Clete Boyer went 14 for 32. Mel Stottlemyre pitched 17 scoreless innings and won twice to help rally NEW YORK (5-3). Rookie Roger Repoz, up from Toledo, homered impressively in successive games, then seemed to have

trouble with low, outside pitches. The Yanks mounted their best offense of the season—16 runs—against Boston and made 23 hits, most in one game for New York since 1958. Manager Bill Rigney's job seemed shaky before Los Angeles (3-1) returned home and won three straight. Fred Newman two-hit Minnesota, and rookie Ed Sukla debuted with two perfect innings to save a win over Chicago. Washington (4-4) beat New York with only two hits, but Pete Richert twice lost to shutouts. The Senators were hitting plenty of homers, but they had the lowest batting average in the majors. Boog Powell, the Baltimore (3-4) slugger, was batting .217 and had not hit a home run since May 15, but rookie Curt Blefary, promoted to regular status, had four homers for the week and was becoming the Orioles' big hitter. Detroit (3-3) slowed down as Relievers Terry Fox, Larry Sherry and Fred Gladding went sour, though Orlando Pena won one game and saved another. Manager Al Lopez of Chicago (2-5) was hospitalized with stomach trouble after the slumping White Sox lost a doubleheader to last-place Kansas City. Lopez rejoined his team in Los Angeles, but continued failures by his once-bright pitching staff did not help his internal problems. Kansas City (2-3) drew its largest crowd in two years, 32,503—for Farmers' Night. Carl Yastrzemski of Boston (1-5) took over the league batting lead and then was benched by an injury. Center Fielder Lenny Green was hurt, too, and All-Star Second Baseman Felix Mantilla had to switch to the outfield to fill in.

Midseason pennant odds: White Sox 6-5, Indians 2-1, Twins 5-2, Orioles 4-1, Tigers 5-1, Yankees 7-1.

## PLAYER OF THE WEEK MAX ALVIS



## RUNS PRODUCED (through July 1)

NATIONAL LEAGUE	Runs Scored	Teammates Batted 1st*	Total Runs Produced
Robinson, Cn (203)	62	28	100
Jackson, Gm (201)	43	46	91
Pusan, Gm (207)	52	36	88
Benke, Ch (205)	39	45	85
Clement, Phil (204)	49	38	87
Williams, Ch (205)	54	32	87
Allen, Phil (241)	46	38	86
Mays, SF (302)	53	33	86
Rapier, Gm (202)	62	24	86
Neft, Gm (202)	60	24	84

## AMERICAN LEAGUE

Coleman, Clea (203)	48	38	86
Vernasca, Minn (247)	49	37	81
Wagner, Clea (204)	53	26	79
Goss, Minn (261)	46	32	78
Alvis, Clea (207)	51	26	77
Makins, Ott (207)	42	35	77
Tresh, RF (202)	50	24	75
Billebrew, Minn (244)	47	28	75
Martinez, Bos (204)	72	46	73
Ball, Minn (210)	41	30	71

\*Derived by subtracting HRs from RBIs



# 19<sup>TH</sup> HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

## CANDIDATE

Sirs: You don't have to look any farther for a Sportsman of the Year for 1965. In the highest sense of the term, Gary Player won the title hands down. In these days of crass commercialism, here's a man that holds honor and pride above the mighty dollar, leads a clean, exemplary life and possesses the skill and guts to win what is probably the toughest test of nerves and stamina in the sports world today. It took a rare breed of courage for him to come back brilliantly in the playoff, after blowing a three-stroke lead on the last three holes.

ARTHUR L. GROSS

Pompano Beach, Fla.

## RULING, PLEASE

Sirs: Your account of Kel Nagle's penalty incident in the Open was interesting, but I would welcome a further discussion of what happened.

Rule 11-5 covers play of a second ball in case of doubt as to rights or procedure. The only doubt in Nagle's case seems to be whether or not a penalty stroke would be assessed, because he already considered the ball unplayable and would drop in any case. It would seem he would drop the ball, play it and ask for a ruling. As you tell it, he would have been able to decide how to play the second ball from the results obtained with the first one. This seems an unfair advantage. Perhaps you would clarify.

TOM KENNEDY

Borger, Texas

• Under rule 11-5 the first ball was played under a strict penalty for an unplayable lie. The second ball was played without penalty under the ground-under-repair rule. Since the second ball did eventually count, Nagle indeed got what amounted to a practice shot.—ED.

## THE WAILING WALL

Sirs: Blaming that left-field wall for Red Sox incompetence (*The Great Wall*, June 28) is like blaming Faneuil Hall, Old Ironsides or the Bunker Hill Monument for Boston's climate. The reason for Sox's mediocrity is obvious. They just lack vigil.

JOEL MAVER

Sharon, Mass.

Sirs: Allow me to commend Jack Mann for his penetrating analysis of the woes of the Red Sox. I have been a loyal Sox booster for some 15 years but, like fans in other

cities where subpar baseball has been played over similar periods, my tolerance for lackluster performances is running out.

Though I agree that the wall is more of a hindrance than an aid to the overall record of the Sox, I would emphasize that this is due to the lack of adequate pitching more than to the detrimental effect of the "Fenway stroke" that Boston players carry with them to visiting ball parks. It is axiomatic that good pitching will overcome good hitting in the long run—and it is precisely this that kills the Red Sox year after year. To win in Comiskey Park, Municipal Stadium, Chavez Ravine or Memorial Stadium you need pitching; and because the Sox staff is dominated by right-handers to cope with Fenway Park, the team suffers from this imbalance when lefties are needed in other parks throughout the league.

PLET SHELDON

Ann Arbor, Mich.

Sirs:

Why should any Red Sox fan take Yawkey's teams seriously? The owner himself does not. Until he does, I will continue to dream what it would be like if the Boston Red Sox, left-field wall included, won the World Series. Even in eighth place, I would rather dream than switch!

JOHN ROUSE

College Park, Md.

Sirs:

The critics of our much maligned Fenway wall all have one thing in common. They neglect to inform the stranger that the high wall has been scoured time and again over the years by balls that would have been line drive home runs in any other park in either league.

JACK SHEA

Waltham, Mass.

## RESCUERS

Sirs:

I have just finished reading James Lipscomb's breathtaking article, *72 Hours of Terror* (SA, June 14). Having served as a seasonal park ranger in the Tetons for three summers, I know to some small degree the weariness, frustrations and agony the rescuers endured. The article left me completely exhausted.

Every year in the Tetons there are accidents of this nature, anywhere from half a dozen to a dozen, although this one was the most spectacular. My hat is off to Doug McLaren, the district ranger, who was the organizer of the rescue party. For more than a decade Doug has been organizing rescue parties for errant climbers and hikers. He conducts a school for new and old rangers

who wish to participate in these summer occurrences. Because of Doug's knowledge and fine way with people, never has a ranger become involved in an accident during a rescue—quite an accomplishment when you consider the precarious and tedious work that must be carried on at near-exhaustion point.

EDWARD T. WILSON

Lexington, Ky.

Sirs:

It may interest your readers to learn that Leon R. (Pete) Sinclair, whose heroism is recorded in the June 21 issue, is studying for a Ph.D. in English at the University of Washington, where he ranks as one of the most successful candidates for the degree.

A. C. HAMILTON

Seattle

## UP THE RIVER

Sirs:

Congratulations for your article on the Harvard crew and Harry Parker (*Never Before at Harvard or in History*, June 28). I only towed as a third-boat freshman for Harry, but I think Mr. Whall came as close as possible to describing his remarkable coaching ability.

E. JONATHAN BAYLEY

Seattle

Sirs:

You quote Joe Burk, rowing coach at the University of Pennsylvania, as saying that this year's Harvard crew "is the greatest American crew there has ever been, college or club."

As an ex-coxswain for Vesper, my answer to that is, "Oh yeah!"

SAM EWING

Philadelphia

Sirs:

With all due respect to the fine Navy oarsmen, I would hardly call their 1¼-length victory at 1¼ miles over Wisconsin "beating the crew Sox off" us.

JOHN NORSETT

Madison, Wis.

Sirs:

The fact that neither Harvard nor Yale postponed The Boat Race so that they might enter the IRA regatta on Onondaga Lake shows just how much tradition is actually involved in this race and just how much it means to both crews to race each other over the four-mile course on the Thames, regardless of the distance between the two crews at the finish of the race.

ROGER BROOKS

Cambridge, Mass.

continued

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19TH HOLE continued

### THE DYNASTY

Sirs:

I enjoy reading your magazine a lot, but I can't help but hope that your predictions about the Yankees, especially Mickey Mantle, are wrong.

As many people have said, "As Mantle goes, so go the Yankees." This was especially true on June 18. I had just finished reading the article *Decline and Fall of a Dynasty* (June 21) and your LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER in the same issue and had turned on the TV to a local station that was carrying the Yankee-Twins game, when, to my great joy, I watched Mickey Mantle step up to the plate with none out and bases loaded and hit a grand-slam home run. The game eventually turned into a 10-2 rout for the Yanks. I only hope that they can keep it up.

Let's hope that the end of Mickey Mantle's career is still a few years away.

DICK ROBERT

Cedar Falls, Iowa

Sirs:

You listed all of the reasons why the Yankees were finished. I would like to list a few reasons why the Yanks are the team to beat this year and will be for years to come. First of all, there are Tom Tresh, Joe Pepitone and Phil Lutz, all young players that are quite capable of becoming superstars. Secondly, there are Bobby Richardson, Elton Howard and Roger Maris.

And, by the way, don't retire No. 7 until he's ready.

JIM WEATHERS

Petersburg, Texas

Sirs:

The name of Colonel Jacob Ruppert was most conspicuous by its absence in your article, *Decline and Fall of a Dynasty*. Yet it was that master brewer who laid a foundation that firmly supported the vast Yankee empire for 44 years.

His purchase of Babe Ruth from the Boston Red Sox, followed later by his acquisition of Patcher Herb Pennock from the same Club, still stands out in the minds of Bostonians as a deal equaled only by the Brink's robbery.

Jacob Ruppert was also the originator of king-size salary checks and, together with Ed Barrow, he affixed signatures to many documents that influenced the evolution not only of the Yankees but also that of baseball in general.

Future committees on selection of veterans for admission into the Hall of Fame should consider the name of a nonplayer, namely, Jacob Ruppert, for his contribution to baseball during a period when it was truly a sport and not a segment of the mass entertainment field.

RICHTARD W. CANAVAN

Westerly, R.I.

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## My life hung by a thread when I jumped off a cliff in Australia

**1** "Looking straight down at the jagged rocks 300 feet below made jumping seem like sheer suicide," writes Keith Belgam, American friend of Canadian Club. "But my

Australian friends convinced me to try. They pointed out that the rope looped through the ring at my waist would tighten and slow my fall when they tugged at the other end.



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**2** "Reassured, I leaped—and plummeted. Halfway down I expected the rescuing tug. To my horror, I continued to drop.



**3** "Thirty feet from disaster, I felt the tug. The rope smoked as I reached an unseen foothold as I cowered to a stop and slid limply down to the rocks below.



**4** "Still shaken, I was glad to head for a Watson's Bay tavern with my friends for a drink of their favorite whisky and mine—Canadian Club." Why this whisky's universal popularity? It has the lightness of Scotch and the smooth satisfaction of Bourbon. No other whisky tastes quite like it. You can stay with it all evening long—in short ones before dinner, in tall ones after. Enjoy Canadian Club—the world's lightest whisky—tonight.



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# BY JINGO!



**Dave was sure surprised to learn Philip Morris Filter has charcoal in the tip. But it has. Coconut-shell charcoal. Lets natural tobacco flavor come through. You'll like 'em, by jingo!**



**They're new—try 'em!**

